

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 26.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissary.

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FORGOTTEN

THERE is something indescribably pathetic about dumb suffering. Pain which can be expressed and explained is half healed. Trouble which can find no outlet in tears or speech has irresistible claim upon the gentlest impulse of the sympathetic heart.

It was the mute patience of the brown bay which made his forlorn position outside the wayside hotel so appealing. The long ride through the driving snowflakes had been tedious enough, and the drop of the reins at the brightly-lighted hostelry promised pleasant prospects of a straw-strewed stable and a well-filled manger. But the horse was disappointed. With a hasty fling the rider and flung the reins loosely over the steed's neck, and jumping off his back thrust his way into the light and heat within.

in the thawing and warming process and convivial company he found there to lose all recollection of his beast's needs. So the brown bay was left to paw the fresh-fallen snow without, while the flakes melted upon his coat, warm with the steady trot, and soon added a covering of dampness to the penetrating discomfort of the cold. Had he been a human being in like circumstances, the brown bay would have undergone the tortures of a conviction that an attack of the La grippe was inevitable; as he was only a horse he was spared that anxiety.

Succeeding minutes lost themselves in each other until thirty of them had passed, and still the rider drank and laughed with the throng within, and his horse stood shivering in the snow without.

There was something more than injustice in such treatment. Could the brown bay have spoken his words might have revealed the incongruity of such unkindness with what had been hitherto shown him. His master was habitually a kind man, his horse was well-fed and well-groomed. Then why this apparently heartless treatment—what reason for the act of which, when the man returned, he would most bitterly reproach himself? No explanation than this—he forgot:

Evil is wrought for want of thought. As well as want of heart.

If we did not believe this the world would seem a much unkindler place than it really is. To reckon men as all and only what their words and actions reveal them to be would be to a large extent to throw a very gloomy shadow over more than half humanity. In fact, so great is often the difference between a man's intent and a man's deed that only charitable reflection forbids the sentencing of even the professedly humane and benevolent as inconsiderate and unkind.

Too many such lapses from a man's better nature are not the result of even wavering good will, but owe their blighting birth to one of those frenks of memory which it is an open question to consider whether as unavoidable, or the outcome of carelessness.

"I forgot," says the individual, but frames and feelings infinitely more sensitive than the subject of our picture's sympathy are occasioned untold aggravation and affliction thereby.

"I forgot," says the well-meaning but careless friend, but the heart he would not intentionally hurt for all the world is sorely wounded by the heedless word or apparent neglect.

"I forgot," says the conscientious and honest saint, but the moment their

consecration was surprised off its guard, lowered the spiritual ideal of a weak onlooker, and the upward efforts of the one were discouraged by the example of the other.

"I forgot," says someone whose ambitions for God's Kingdom are high and deep, but they offended one of the "little ones" of whom the Bible says the Lord of that Kingdom sets such store.

"I forgot," says the man who has made it his life's business to seek or save but the soul which one word might have won was lost, because it was never said.

"I forgot," says one whose purse and powers are all at the disposal of God and His world—he did not know that the withheld kind word would have lifted the burden which, though small, fell upon an all-overburdened back, and broke it.

But enough of this weary procession of lame excuses with their attendant ghosts of "might have been." Can we, as soldiers, commissioned to tasks fraught with stern possibilities of good or ill, whose echoes will sound in our ears on the Eternal Morning, give such an our reason for short comings?

Have we any right to forget our duty?

My Creed.

While people are talking about being Protestants, Catholics, Salvationists, etc., I would say

I am a Protestant,

in that I protest against all sin in myself, and in others, and do my best to get men and women saved from sin and power of sin, and to keep myself unpolluted from its guilt and pollution.

I am a Catholic,

in that my religion is a universal one, embracing all mankind—black, white, brown, yellow—a love that goes out for every kind of sinner, no matter how low or degraded, a love that goes out even for our enemies and for all the heathen, infidels, agnostics, etc., and tries to get them to embrace the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in every way to labor for the benefit of mankind, according to my ability.

I am a Salvationist

because I owe all to the S. A. for the blessed uttermost salvation I now enjoy. I don't know what would have been of me only for the Salvation Army. I am entirely devoted to God's service, for the salvation of the lost, and to bring souls from the power of sin and Satan, to the power of God and righteousness.

May the Lord bless these few imperfect words to some weary, sin-sick soul.—Treas. Caslin.

Tricks of the Devil.

It is well to know the devil's plans in order to shun them. The following are some of the ways in which he diverts workers from pressing the battle as soul winners:

By leading them to criticize fellow workers instead of praying for them.

By putting them up so that they feel that no good can be done unless their methods are employed.

By getting them to substitute the great essentials of salvation and substitute some of the spokes of the great Gospel wheel for the hub.

By getting them to substitute something which is good for that which is BETTER.

By prevailing on them to substitute reformation for salvation, or lectures which amuse and instruct for red-hot Gospel truth that convicts and saves.

By hindering them from doing house to house work.

By keeping them so busy in minor matters that they neglect prayer and the fullness of the Holy Ghost, the great mainstays of successful Christian work.

By keeping them continually thinking with their own experiences instead of letting God fix them up so they can devote their whole time and attention to His work.

Honey Drops.

God cannot save the disobedient.

Wrong motives will defeat earnest seeking.

Obedience will be tested, but its reward will be great.

Humility is glad to take the lowest seat, and feels unworthy to be invited higher.

"Before honor is humility," and "he that humbly himself shall be exalted."

Men who will stand the test at any cost, is what God wants, uses and honors.

One of the most fragrant flowers which grows in the valley of true religion is humility.

Jesus was so engrossed in preaching to the woman at Sychar's well that He forgot His dinner.

Obedience is not only a test of obtaining salvation, but it is also an imperative condition of keeping saved.

The yielding sinner gets rid of his rags, is clothed, and put in his right mind, and gets a sample of Heaven's wealth.

The man who saves himself, who keeps back part of the price, and not worth his salt in the Kingdom of grace and glory.

To obtain the best results in the service of God we must be blind as bats, and deaf as adders to all selfish consideration.

Soldiers of Christ's army are court-martialed and shot when they break His laws, and the only way back is through the rescuing power of spiritual restoration.

By revealing the resources of God in their magnitude, and by exemplifying the supreme loveliness of the character of Christ, men are won to grace and salvation.

A Christian may never expect much success until he properly represents his Master. HE IS A GREAT GOD. Possessing measureless, boundless wealth. He owns the cattle on a thousand hills and a universe of whirling worlds.



THE
Easter War Cry
will be
a
SPECIAL
number. Note, we print "Special"
in big type, for it will be an
EXTRAORDINARY WAR CRY,
and still cost only
FIVE CENTS.

The most formidable enemies of holiness are within our own ranks; those who profess the grace and contend for the doctrine, are as fireless, edgeless, priceless, toothless, and worthless as those who make no claims concerning holiness.

The world calls those blessed and happy who succeed in making money, or gaining position, who spend his riches along educational lines, but Jesus places the premium only upon spirituality. He says, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

The worker in Christ's vineyard who forgets to look at his watch lest he works overtime, who spends his strength unjustly, and without reserve, who forgets his own sunburn and back ache in his anxiety for the reaping of the vintage of his Master, he is the man who endures the heat of Jesus, and brings a smile to the face of the Nazarene.

Every true convert is speedily brought to the question of practical consecration and true holiness. Here the natural man and earthly ties at ways reconstitute and insist that the separation be delayed at least for a time. Few there are who walk in the light of justification many weeks or months without being brought face to face with the question of holiness, a full, complete separation from the "natural man," the "carnal mind," and all worldly entanglements. With these who say, "I will go," the Holy Ghost will journey all the way.

Remember Lot's Wife.

Lot's wife had many privileges, but she perished. Lot's wife had a religious husband, but she perished. Lot's wife had often been prayed for, but she perished. Lot's wife had a good example set her, but she perished. Lot's wife was led by angels out of Sodom, but she perished. Lot's wife only looked around, but she was damned for that look. She lingered when she should have made haste, and God left her. Mercy drew her, but she grieved mercy, and mercy forsook her. Where mercy left her, justice found her, and destruction seized her. She loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and God gave her her bad love to the full. The Lord took her out of Sodom, but she took Sodom out of her, with her. "Let me get a last look at my idol," she said, and she got a last look with a vengeance. "She is joined to her idols," said the jealous God, "let her alone," and she was terribly left alone; she became a pillar of salt. Sodom was more to her than her daughters, her husband, her soul, or God. In judgment she was wedded to her evil choice. She died in fellowship with those who "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire."—Selected.

A Hindoo Pentecost.

200 HINDOOS DELIBERATELY RENOUNCE THEIR FAITH AND BECOME SALVATIONISTS.

161 People Desire to Take Christian Names in Place of Their Own.

The Xmas spent in the Nanjundu Division will ever be a memorable time to those who were privileged to be there. At an officers' meeting, held some days previously, the officer stationed at the village of T— reported that he had been visiting and talking with the Hindu people of his own and neighboring villages, and that quite a large number were anxious to publicly seek salvation, and become members of the S. A. "What was another sign of the S. A.?" What could possibly be more appropriate than Xmas Day? So it was decided upon. We went to the village in handies from the Headquarters, and on arrival were met by a number of soldiers who were excited at receiving such a number of visitors. They very kindly provided food for all. This over, there was a march, and the people poured in from the surrounding villages. When the meeting commenced, several hundred people were gathered, and still they came. After a number of testimonies and a clear talk on salvation by Staff-Capt. Yesu Patham, Major Yesu Patham explained

"What the Salvation Army Soldier Must Be."

All who had come there with the avowed object of seeking the salvation of God were then asked to rise. The soldiers renounced seated while the hitherto Hindu neighbors one by one quietly rose, until about 200 people, including children, were on their feet. They were again urged to thoroughly sinners in what they did. If they were really anxious to renounce their old sins, give up their evil practices, break their idols and give up drink, they were urged to kneel with us in prayer. Major Devaseri led the petitions, as they besought the Great God and Father of us all to have mercy and forgive all their past sins and help them henceforth to live holy, consistent lives. There was another song of rejoicing, another shout of victory, and we went home to ponder on and praise God for the wonderful sight we had just seen. 161 names were handed in from the converts. We asked the NEW NAMES might be given to them, so that all their neighbors and friends might know what they had done. We could not do it all that night, so Major Devaseri promised to continue the work the next morning. He had a string of 161 new names, so they all might be suitably supplied. "That will be an interesting meeting. Perhaps someone will report it to the Cry. These people have lived side by side with Salvationists for the past six years, so that they knew fully what they were doing, and it might be regarded as a healthy sign of our work in the Cry. We all felt that God was good to us in the matter of weather. It rained nearly all day, and then cleared up so as to allow us to hold our meeting, which was, of course, in the open-air. As soon as we were again below the road, the rain so much needed came on again—India's Cry.

WRECKED.

It is said that: "The steamer Drummond Castle, bound from South Africa to London, struck on the rock off the island of Ushant and sank in two minutes. Two hundred and fifty-three persons on board and only two escaped. The passengers were chiefly women and children. The little ones were rescued, but the adults were on deck, all watching for the first view of the English shore which was soon to be in sight. Suddenly the ship struck and before the boats could be lowered she sank like lead. The light house was hidden by fog on that fatal night."

Thus in the night of sin multitudes are being wrecked on the rocks of disobedience and unbelief. Betrayed by the fog of Worldliness and Formality, they sink beneath the waves of a Lost Eternity. Mariners on Life's seas, beware of hidden rocks!

Captain Does Not Faint Easily.

Here's an Army item, just dropped into the slot—Sunday afternoon the Captain had occasion to refer to the outcraunch of an attendant at the barracks—a young chap who had come to scoff and remained to do it. The Captain mildly reproved the ill-conduct and gently requested the offender to withdraw in the future. "I won't do it at the nice young man," the officer proceeded. "And if you saw how elegantly he dresses and how neatly he parts his hair in the middle, you'd rouser too." That was more than the youth could stand. He rose and stalked out of the barracks, exclaiming: "That's none of your business! I'll go, but I'll wait for you outside, you old stiff!" The Captain only smiled pityingly. Did the bold, brave man wait for the Captain outside? Oh, I dunno. Don't think he did. Anyway, the Captain's the kind of a man who wouldn't have fallen down in a faint, if he did.—Barrie Gazette.

East Ontario, Quebec and Vermont, in addition to 4 Sgt. Majors, have 20 Publication Sergeants, a good formation of wards and Regulation Books. The Sgt. Majors are:

Comrades Perlin, Barre.
White, Brockville.
Stamonds, Kingston.
Scruton, Montreal.



DEAD TO THE WORLD.

THE form of worship of the early Christians was, like Christ's life, simplicity itself. Prayers offered from sincere hearts and with consecrated lips, the singing of hymns, the simple breaking of bread, looking after the poor, visiting the sick, comforting the dying—all this was simple and without formality. Sincerity is near kin to simplicity and seldom keeps company with elaborate ceremonies.

With the growth and spreading of Christianity more complicated organization was introduced, and some sort of uniformity of worship became desirable. But the forms and ceremonies once formulated were continually elaborated upon; in addition to the many former Jewish observations, a multitude of new rites were compiled and invented. There can be little doubt but that nearly all these ceremonies were introduced with an earnest and zealous desire to promote devout worship and Christian purity. But, alas! history has proved that a multiplication of forms tends to work rather towards the decay than the revival of holy living.

It was thus in the early days of the Israelites. The many laws, the types and observances which God gave to His chosen people through Moses, in order to unite them into a nation of priests, last only too quickly their spiritual significance, and became a mere cover for corruption, the shining spectacle of rotting righteousness. Yea, the very forms of observations and sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law became hateful to God; so we find it expressed through His prophets, especially Isaiah:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fat beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs. . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and appointed feasts my soul hateth. They are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them."

WHAT WAS THE REASON OF THE ALMIGHTY'S WEARIENESS WITH HIS OWN CODE OF LAWS?

It was, because the form, instead of clothing a spirit alive only to God and righteousness, had become a cloak for godlessness and unrighteousness.

And yet it is the most natural thing for humanity to seek to adorn and ornament their form of worship; the affections of the heart offered to the Creator seem to create a desire to associate service with beauty and significant rites, to capture the eye and ear of the worshipper and direct his attention in a channel of common service.

Our picture shows us the prostrate form of a man, who, tired at heart of the world which has deceived him, betrayed his most sacred trust, and blighted his loftiest hopes, has sought refuge for himself by taking the vow of the order, and so voluntarily to be confined to the recluse of the monastery.

An Impressive Ceremony.

No one who contemplates the above picture can deny that the service of initiation is a most impressive one, as far as human agency can make it so. The novice is laying on the floor covered with the funeral cloth in which a large cross is worked. The leading bishop performs the funeral rite over the man, who, by taking the vow, is supposed to die to the world, and rise a new man, consecrated only to the service of the order. He has said good-bye to former friends forever, and even to his name, for henceforth he will be only known as Brother Augustin among his new associates.

But is he dead to the world? For the moment there may be uppermost a feeling of quietness and relief, hav-

ing escaped the whirl of life and its disappointments; but are those ambitions for worldly fame, those appetites for worldly diversions and pleasure, those longings for gay society really dead, or are they only sleeping?

Many a one has, in a fit of disgust, brought on by too rapid indulgences and subsequent disappointments (magnified beyond all proportions), in a sort of remorse more than in genuine repentance, sought peace with all the factors of unrest still in his breast, although sleeping at the time the sleep of exhaustion. Many a one has sought to secure the blessings of a consecrated life, without making the entire consecration, and deceived himself into a belief that he has obtained that most precious gift, only to wake up suddenly to find himself still in the grip of those powers from which he sought escape. Confession alone will not do it; going through a form will not do it, however impressive and elaborate such may be; testifying to it will not do it; running away from embarrassing surroundings will not do it; making of solemn vows will not do it!

Dead to the World.

God does not want us to be dead IN the world, but only dead TO it. Jesus prayed for His disciples, not that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept blameless in the world, and overcome the world. Here is the secret! Consecration, a complete consecration, must precede entire sanctification; faith must bring sanctification from the sky into our lives; but only actual fighting of the opposing forces and successful overcoming will make sanctification a blessed reality. Before the fruits of holiness can be enjoyed there must be a planting by faith into the consecrated ground of our hearts the seed of

purity, and the heat of the battle is necessary to draw forth the blade and the stem and the flower until, watered by the blessings of God, we enjoy all its fruits: joy, peace, etc.

Remember that our past sins, failures, mistakes, wrongs and excuses are living things that surround us and feed upon our spiritual strength. We can no more escape them than we can outrun our own shadows; they are our children and claim subsistence until we rise up and slay them. This is the sin of marrying strange wives, when our affections are given to things opposed to God. The issue of such union will be children who will bind and betray us. We must not only divorce ourselves from evil at the moment of conversion, but we must also slay without pity every worldly ambition and appetite.

Then we shall enter into rest. Our safe hiding place within us will be guarded by a wall of fire, and we shall live and fight for God in this world with power and success. Then shall we be dead to the world in truth, and no wicked sepulchre is needed to cover over the sleeping demon of self, to appear dead yet be alive to it, and suffer the tortures of untold secret struggles.

Only the man who dedicates himself, and all that he has, to the service of the Master, will get all the Master has to give.

Easter War Cry

Enlarged Issue.
Artistic Cover, in colors.
Excellent Illustrations.
Choice Reading.

ONLY FIVE CENTS.



Montana Memos.

Notable Wedding at Livingston—Adjutants McDonald and Gibbs Join Hands—Butte has a New Barracks—Sheridan Gets a New Drum—Montana Booms the Siege.

Brigadier Howell has just returned from a trip through Montana. The most important event of the trip was the marriage of Adjts. McDonald and Gibbs, at Livingston, at which place Adj. Gibbs had been resting with his old friend, Ensign May. Both the Adjutants are well-known officers, having done long and good service in the Army. Both have been successful and popular in the West as well as elsewhere. The happy event took place in the Methodist Church. Among the visiting friends was Ensign Stagers, who seemed to take great interest in the ceremony. Ensign May was also present and took a very entertaining part; the bridegroom declared that she looked quite wise. There were also present Capt. Southall and Lieut. Galt. This being the first Army wedding in Livingston, the occasion created great interest. A Livingston paper has this to say:

"The Salvation Army wedding at the Methodist Church last evening was well worth attending. Alexander McDonald and Gertrude Gibbs were the high contracting parties, and while there was a good deal of shouting and a plethora of bass drum beating, the wedding was a very entertaining affair and was witnessed by a considerable crowd, who seemed to appreciate a number of things besides the solemnity of the occasion. Brigadier Thomas Howell, of Spokane, presided at the wedding and performed the marriage ceremony.

The Brigadier is a Not Number,

and the contracting parties received some pretty warm joshing from the muster of coroners, who had known them during their term of service in the Army for the past decade. A number of guests from out of town attended the ceremony and telegrams of congratulation were read from those who did not attend. A wedding supper was served at the barracks after the ceremony had been performed. The pair will make their home in Bozeman and will not be actively engaged in Army work, their health being seriously impaired by their long term of service."

The audience seemed to enjoy the event very much. The contracting parties were recipients of congratulations from all sides. The soldiers and friends provided a wedding supper at the barracks. After the ceremony was over about forty soldiers and friends sat down and partook of the repast. Some after-supper speeches were given by soldiers and officers, and the bride and groom replied in a very suitable manner, thanking their comrades and friends for their well wishes. This closes another chapter in the lives of Adjts. McDonald and Gibbs.

The P. O. visited Billings, Sheridan, Bozeman, Butte, Dillon, Anaconda and Missoula. The crowds at each place were very satisfactory. The outlook in Montana is most encouraging.

Adj. Hay has secured a good barracks at Butte, and the work is going ahead. Capt. Bailey and her Lieutenant are doing a good work at Missoula. They have only been there a few weeks and already have a crowded platform. Things are brightening up.

At Sheridan, during the P. O.'s visit, the audience gave donations sufficient to purchase a drum, after ordinary collections had been taken up. Anaconda is on the up grade. So is Bozeman and Dillon. Montana will do well for the Siege, notwithstanding all the storms they have had this winter.—T. H.

NOTICE.

WE can supply our soldiers and friends in Toronto with coal and wood of the best quality, at market rates. Those who call at 261 Victoria St., and leave us your order. Prompt attention will be given to it. By dealing with us you help to find work for the unemployed.

Any friend or relative visiting Toronto will do well to try our up-to-date meals, at 10c. Dining hall, 261 Victoria St. W. H. BURROWS, Ensign.

Back to the Land!

A March Trip to the Salvation Army Industrial Farm, York County—Fine Set of Buildings—Prosperous Live Stock, etc.



O take the unskilled unemployed out of the overcrowded labor market of the city, and put him on the land to raise a sustenance from the soil, is the aim of our farm colonies; it is, however not the end of our social work in that or any other branch, for our final aim in view is always, and in all schemes, the regeneration of the inner man by genuine change of heart.

The General's Darkest England Scheme—which aroused world-wide comment some years ago, and which has since been put through all its proposed stages on a more or less large scale in order to prove the theories laid down in it to be correct—advocated the simple rule, that in order to preach the Gospel to the hungry with

operation; one in Colorado and another at Port Ronie, Cal.

A blue sky, a smiling sun, blossoming trees, sprouting fields and skipping lambs at pasture are always alluring to city people to go into the country, and under such circumstances a trip to the Salvation Army Industrial Farm on Bathurst St., York County, is a pleasure and a recreation, but your modest reporter did not wait for such encouragements. Being under a solemn obligation to go, threatening sky, and bleak March winds could not daunt his courage.

"Meet me at my home at nine in the morning," were the Colonel's orders, who happened to be going out the same day. So punctually at nine, possibly two or three minutes later (for



ADJ. AND MRS. MYLES, Newly Appointed Governors of S. A. Farm.

effect, you must first feed him; to the homeless, you must first provide some shelter; to the unemployed, you must first give them the means of earning their living. This is the foundation on which all our numerous social institutions throughout the world are reared. Bearing the foregoing statement in mind, the reader will be able to rightly appreciate what we may have to say about the S. A. farm near Toronto.

We may just state here, that the casual unemployed, the only regular temporary help for one or only a few days, may find such help in our workyards, and the cheap shelters connected with such; the farm is meant to help those who are unable for one or another reason to earn their livelihood in the city, and who possibly may be able to learn sufficient or agricultural pursuits to enable them to find positions with other farmers, or go to the newly settled portions of the territory, where land may be had for the working of it. Here also the proposed colony was to step in, by providing the means to the settler of obtaining implements and seed for the first crop. We have none of these colonies in Canada, but in the United States already several of that kind are in

have quite safely laid the reins upon his neck and fired a gun close to his ears—his nerves must have been of iron. But without further description of all the legion of individualities of that notable sized, I would state that we finally, after many and various ways of coaxing and more or less rigorous arguments with the "hoss," reached the farm, where we fortunately found a nice cold stove capable of imparting a genuine glow to our stiffened extremities.

It so happened that it was the Field Commissioner's day of inspection at the farm. (Miss Booth always personally inspects the farm once each week, when not on tour). For that reason your modest reporter did not stay as long by the inviting stove as he would have been tempted had he been alone with Brigadier Gaskin. Following in the train of the Field Commissioner and Colonel while inspecting the stock, your reporter was quickly convinced that Miss Booth was right. The farm has about live stock and other farm topics, and once or twice rubbed his eyes to see whether it was not a practical farm mistress, who was lecturing some other fellow reporter in the afternoon. In the general parlance, did pick up enough of professional farm talk to be able to speak like an old farmer of Berkshire hens, leghorn crows and Jersey pigs, and have also learned the difference between turnips, mangel wurzels, ensilage and other roots. (Correct me, if I'm wrong.)

Leaving the cosy and home-like farmhouse, where Brother and Sister Madden are holding forth (both are possibly well-known to a large number of our readers, many of whom will remember "Johnny Madden, the boy preacher," and his uncle, the former Staff-Captain Madden, now in Glory), we first visited the cow-stable, which occupies the greatest part underneath the spacious barn. There forty head of cattle stood in four long rows and a few stalls. Most of these cattle were cows, two bulls and a few calves and steers. The breeds, I was told by Brigadier Gaskin, were some thorough Jerseys, Holsteins and Ayrshires, and others of cosmopolitan parentage, the exact classification of which I was unable to retain in my overtaxed cranium; suffice it to state that the Field Commissioner designated them as that sort of a cross breed which is considered in this country the best and most profitable one for farms like ours.

In one unoccupied corner, under an ingeniously temporary wire cage, your reporter noticed some fowl, and upon inquiry was informed that the hen-eries had not been suitably arranged yet for the reception of that fine species of birds, though the Brigadier called them shortbush, but my wife assures me that it should be leghorns; whichever is right, I did not see any horns on them whatever.

Passing from the cow-stable through the root-cellar, where mostly turnips were stored in large quantities, we entered the horse-stables. The attendant there assured me that at present fourteen horses are at the farm, and they are all fairly worked; they looked well-fed and contented, and I am quite sure that every one of them could have easily outrun the borrowed nag which took us to the institution.

After going through some heavy gymnastics in the endeavor to mount an upright ladder, and through a narrow hole which could be easily, successfully, and hermetically sealed by Major Corns, we were taken to the place where we emerged in the upper part of the barn, which, correctly speaking, is the first story or ground floor to the north, but the second story to the south. In the stable the same rule applied, the advanced sense, still a good quantity of hay, oats, peas, beans, etc., all or which is held for the feeding of the live stock. During the last summer the crop of the farm was raised not only all the hay, grain, and other feed needed for the cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and hens, but has also been able to sell nearly twenty tons out of the crop of over 160 tons of hay, and that the average price was about \$0.50 per ton, which is from \$1.00 to \$1.50 more than the average price paid for hay. The crop of oats amounted to about 3,500 bushels, of which the same quantity are still in bins. In addition to about three hundred tons of roots, considerable quantities of peas, beans, barley and rye were harvested last fall.

In the centre of the barn floor a countersink is fastened on a cross beam, the power for it and the ma-

your reporter lives about four miles west of the Colonel, and as the time is always getting slower going west, the distance may be accounted for in that manner) the reporter was at the appointed spot and found the Chief Secretary already waiting with a trap and an animal hitched to it, which the Colonel described to me as a \$100 horse!

"It is not an Army horse," said the Colonel, with a sort of apologetic intonation. "Somebody wants us to buy it for that price."

"Are you going to buy it?" the reporter asked.

"No fear: we don't buy horses of this kind at that price!"

Before we got to the farm and back again, the reporter was of the opinion that the Army should get a premium for taking the animal off the owner's hands. It was a big horse; it was about seven years, in fact, I query whether it would remember what happened to it at that age; it would walk most carefully and was not in the least scared of the electric cars. The contrary: it would actually stand and look at one as it passed, so as to give you to understand that you are quite safe with him. You might



BROTHER MADDEN AND WIFE,
Assistant Managers, S. A. Farm.

chinery attached to it being delivered from a windmill on top of the barn. A flanning mill, a chopper, and a cutting machine, as well as a grudging stone and other machinery, can be run almost any day, except when there is absolutely no wind.

A pleasant interruption was made here in our tour of inspection. I forget whether it was a bell or a whistle—anyway that was only the means to the end—to notify us that dinner was ready. With surprising agility the men and "us" made our way to the various places where dinner was served.

The conversation during the dinner hour was most edifying. Colonel Jacobs, who is an authority on pigs, their qualities and uses, said much that was new and of interest to the reporter, but the latter was so eagerly engaged re-imbursing his digestive organs with nourishments, that much has been lost that might have been handed down to posterity through the pages of the War Cry. Your reporter has only retained in his memory those things which the ever-odging Brigadier Gaskin has refreshed by subsequent conversation.

The weather being dull, the Commissioner, shortly after dinner, indicated that your reporter should make the most of the light to take pictures with the camera, which he had borrowed for the occasion. So, in company with Brigadier Gaskin, the second part of inspection was proceeded with. We passed en route to the Pigs' Palace, a very useful building, the blacksmith shop, and took a photo of the blacksmith at the anvil.

Our blacksmith, by the way, is a sort of fixture to be counted in the farm inventory. He shoes horses and does a thousand jobs, which, in a surprising manner, turn up daily for attention.

Arriving at the pigs' habitation we were at once struck with the clean and healthy appearance of the building. There was on one side of the entrance a large steam boiler, for the boiling of the feed for the pigs, and another clean and trim room for killing and dressing the remains of the said animals. Through a door we entered into a long narrow building with low roof; in the centre is a concrete walk and on each side are the pens for each family of pigs (pardon my ignorance; I did not know whether herd or flock is correct, so I call them families, which sounds more respectful for clean pigs like the S. A. swine). I found in the piggery about 140 pigs of all ages and classes; there were some Berkshire and other breeds, but the majority were "Salvation Army breed," as Lieutenant "George" said, and Brigadier Gaskin added, "A scientific cross which gives the best results for the feed and care bestowed upon them, and grows the finest meat."

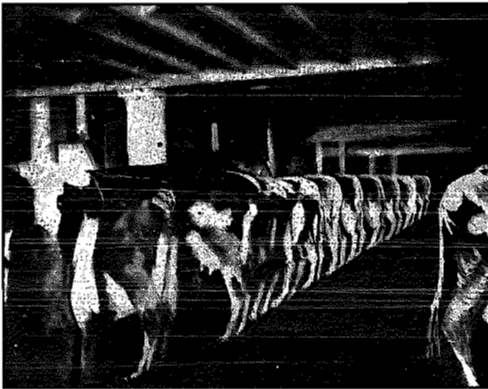
"Any hog-cholera?" your reporter questioned.

"No, sir, we had only two or three pigs die that I can remember," replied the Governor. "We raised 450 pigs here last year, and we have been able to sell our pigs from 50 to 75 cents above market price."

Here I remember what the Colonel said, when I asked him about the purpose of raising pigs. "You see," he said, "We walk our crops to market on four legs rather than cart it there in big loads." This meant that he would rather feed the crops raised to pigs and cattle, and sell pork, butter, eggs, and chickens than to sell any and other products of the land direct.

A windmill is centrally located to supply water for the stables, piggery and hennery. The latter is situated north of the piggery, and has five runs with about 130 hens. This is only in its infancy, but after a few months the Governor expects to derive considerable financial help from the eggs and spring chickens produced there.

I should add here that the milk from the cows is only used to make butter, and the skim milk fed to the pigs. The whole idea of the farm is not so much to make the greatest profit, but to give the greatest amount of employment to men in need of such.



COW STABLES, S. A. FARM.

There is sufficient market gardening done to supply the needs of the officers and colonists, and in addition to the fruit trees already on the farm when the S. A. secured the same, over two hundred acres, plum, cherry, peach and walnut trees have been planted last year, as well as four hundred small fruit bushes, such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, etc.

About the men on the farm, their home, their history, their habits, our rules, meetings on the farm and officers, etc., I will write in my next installment. There is much that is intensely interesting yet to be written.

Ensign Hayes wrote some time ago telling of a beautiful conversion of a prisoner in Regina jail, through the League of Mercy meetings conducted there.



DWELLING HOUSES, S. A. FARM.

WORKING BOYS' HOME.

Brigadiers Complin and Mrs. Read conducted a special meeting in the Working Boys' Home, in Toronto. Much interest in address given, also in the music and singing of other H. G. Staff Officers present. Staff-Capt. Morris, Ensigns Burrows and Nellie Griffiths, Capt. Easton and Redburn took part.

Social Chips

FROM THE G. S. DEPARTMENT.

Adj. Dodd, of Spokane Social Branch, is vigorously pushing the Siege. In addition to other things, he has organized a finance scheme to clear of liabilities and provide capital for further enlargements of the industries for the out-of-works.

He is also attempting to bring the work of the institution before the attention of the people of Spokane, by meetings in the churches, and has already had two very successful meetings. He writes:

"Things are looking up in the West. Our Wood Yard is only two months old, and has proved a blessing to hundreds of men. WE HAVE HELPED ON AN AVERAGE FROM \$5 TO 100 PER WEEK. We expect to be able to help 500 men per week next winter. The citizens are going to help us to get the wood. I have asked them for \$1,200 to buy wood with, and I believe I shall get it."

AAA

A Shelter commander writes: "I sometimes feel sorry that I cannot report the same spiritual success in the Social Work as in corps; yet, when I think of the peculiar circumstances that the men are placed in, the battles with every possible fiend of the lower regions with which they have to combat, and the despondent spirit that continually baunts them, I cannot wonder at times that they find it next to impossible to get on their feet and trust in God, Whom they learned to curse from their childhood. Nevertheless, I am confident that our God can give them new hearts, new desires and new ambitions. The effect of our meetings upon some of the men is very encouraging."

One of our empresses has been helped back into the City of Peace since my last letter. He, for some days, could not claim victory, but now he praises God for giving back to his soul the blessing.

Besides finding odd hours of work for a few men we have succeeded in finding a good home for one of our aged men—a man of good ability and good health, yet having no home. This is especially encouraging, because he has no bad habits, but has for some time lived for God. And so our work rolls on, each week bringing new cases and new experiences. We have a real good case each morning in the prayer meeting."

PETERBORO SPECIAL.

Social and Prison Work—New League of Mercy.

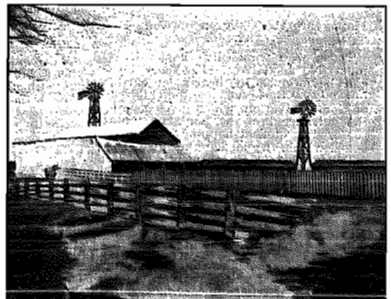
A three days' campaign was conducted by the Women's Social Secretary, Alderman Savory presided Sunday afternoon. Baud played welcome. People intensely interested. Story, "Humanity's Driftwood." Night, address to young men. Three souls at the Cross. Monday, Mrs. Read arranged with officials for meetings to be held regularly at jail. At night commissioned League of Mercy. Most impressive service. Many in tears. Gentlemen sent up \$5 at close for commencement of League work. People stayed until 10:30. Good crowds at all the gatherings, considering counter attractions. Prospects for League's success bright. Corps flourishing. All praise to God!



COLONIST HOUSE, S. A. FARM.



THE BLACKSMITH, S. A. FARM.



VIEW OF STABLES AND PIGGERIES.

UNDER THE GOOD OLD ARMY FLAG.



Weekly Watchword :

Keep Smiling.

There is many a rest in the road of life.

If we only would stop to take it. And many a tone from the better land. If the querulous heart would make it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope. And whose beautiful trust ne'er falteth. The grass is green and the flowers are bright. Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low.

And to keep the eye still lifted. For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through.

When the ominous clouds are rifted; There was never a night without a day.

Or an evening without a morning. And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes.

Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life.

Which we pass in an idle pleasure. That is richer far than the jeweled crown.

Or the miser's hoarded treasure; It may be the joy of a little child. Or a mother's prayer to Heaven. Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of cold water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling.

And to do God's will with a steady heart.

And hands that are swift and willing. Than to snap the delicate minute threads

Of our curious lives asunder. And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends.

And sit, and grieve, and wail wonder.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Happy are the Children of God.—Ps. cxliv. 15.

Those who would live happy lives must live good lives. Heavenly joys can be enjoyed by hearts on earth, but only by those who are the children of God. Salvation which gives a man the entrance into the Kingdom, puts the seed of eternal happiness into the heart, which, if guarded and nurtured, will flourish into contentment's sweetest foliage, no matter what dull circumstances the soul may surround.

MONDAY.

Happy is the Man Who Heeds as Well as Hears.—John xiii. 17.

The privilege of hearing good is a great one, but it will remain an unappropriated blessing unless the good heard has practical effect upon the life and character. Happy saints are those who not only know much of

the will of God, but who carry out every detail of that will to the letter.

TUESDAY.

Happy is the Man Who is Consistent.—Romans xiv. 22.

Some people profess to be able to serve God while allowing themselves not a few indulgences; others do away with everything doubtful and selfish. The latter are the happier of the two, though they may least strive to be. Ill-matched things cause irritation and unrest. True happiness is only possible where profession and practice are in tune.

WEDNESDAY.

Happy is the Wise Man.—Prov. iii. 13.

Ignorance is often a source of weakness and alarm. People who don't know much have much to fear, consequently know little real happiness. Seek to know as much as possible, especially of the mind of God and how to further His purposes in the world. Sanctified understanding may be a very anchor of peace amid life's buffets.

THURSDAY.

Happy is the Man Who has Righteous Fear.—Prov. xviii. 14.

Courage is a great producer of happiness, but most of it is brought by that kind of courage which knows also a holy fear. A fear to do wrong is no bondage. A dread of sin united to a daring devotion to righteousness cannot fail to give a peaceful spirit.

FRIDAY.

Happy is the Merciful Man.—Prov. xiv. 22.

After all, kind people are much the happiest. The man who snarls and sneers and is always treading on other people's toes is as much a nuisance to himself as anybody else. Those who do good feel good—the mercies they have given return redoubled upon their own heart and life.

SATURDAY.

Happy is the Man Who Endures.—James v. 11.

A great deal of joy is missed by those who hesitate and waver. There is true satisfaction derived from the mere fact of holding on, no matter what difficulties assail. And if endurance in the battle of life necessitates to the possession of happiness here, how much more is it essential to the gain of happiness that is eternal!

We don't blow a
great deal
BUT
We promise
A REAL
GOOD
EASTER
WAR
CRY!
For only 5 cents.

POVERTY.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chipped up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty, and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer.—Talmage.

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSONS.

Our study deals this week not so much with the details of any one subject as with the general outlines of several. It is, in fact, more of a review of the last twelve lessons which we have gone through this year.

They have had to do with the first recorded events in the history of the world. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of a good understanding of the primary part of Scripture. It is a common fault with many people to confine their reading to the New Testament, which, though it is very essential and necessary, being the record of the becoming of the new dispensation, it by no means contains a full account of all God's dealings with man.

Again, the study of the creation and the lives of our earliest forefathers is especially instructive, because it declares the first covenants made between God and man. The histories of Adam and Eve, of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph reveal the first agreement which God made with man—the terms by which He promised that provision and security, without which Divine supplies all life would become wretched and not worth the living.

The peep into the Garden of Eden, which the first chapters of Genesis give, reveals first the great liberty which God permitted man. There were no restrictions, save one, upon the mode of living. In this freedom which God has arranged should be the birth-

right of every man, we see God's recognition of his independent mind. Adam, in the Garden of Eden, had power to choose—he could do good, or he could do evil; he could make the most of life, or he could let it result be failure.

But alongside this liberty God laid upon man the responsibility of obeying certain laws—not heavy or grievous—obeying which man was to retain the favor and fellowship of God; disobeying which meant trouble and hostilities between heaven and earth. Then again, right from the very first we see God's unflinching respect to a reverential Spirit as distinct from a mere outward bending of form. The simultaneous offerings of Cain and Abel, with their different reception ending in the world's first tragedy, declared God's regard for offerings made in love, and His scorn of those occasioned by an unwilling adherence and duty.

But perhaps to sum up the reflections of the lessons which we have gone through during the last quarter, by far the most striking illustration that they afford us would be of God's kindly attitude towards man. In the histories of the covenants made with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and in the providential ordering of the career of the patriarch Joseph, we see God as the Friend of Mankind, the Divine Encourager, waiting to be gracious to those who keep His covenants and fulfill His law.

"Under the good old Army flag,
Under the good old Army flag,
If there's I'll live and die,
If there's I'll live and die,
If there's I'll live and die,
Under the good old Army flag."

By ADJT. GIDEON MILLER.

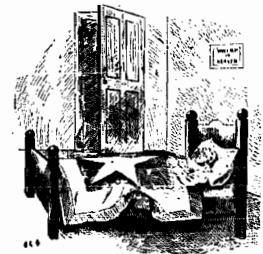
SOME years ago there lived an old lady in one of our Eastern corps who was very fond of this chorus, but she was a very bothersome woman and forever making trouble for all around her. Things got so bad, in fact, that they had to put her off the platform. She then made up her mind to be a Presbyterian and joined that church. It was not long, however, till she got into trouble there and had to be put out. She went to the Methodist next, but here, as in other places, failed to live right and was dismissed. Then she came back to the Army. Being unwilling to make a confession of her wrong, they would not allow her on the platform. She was, nevertheless, a very determined old lady, and as she had so many times sang and promised "to live and die under the good old Army flag," she was going to carry it out.

One day while some special meetings were on at the corps, the flag was flying from the pole on the barracks roof. The old lady got a ladder, and with the aid of a little boy, succeeded in getting the flag down. After taking it home she sewed a nice border on it and made it into a covering for her bed, and for some years, I'm told, she had the joy of sleeping under the good old Army flag. Some time ago death came, and the old lady died as she lived, "under the good old Army flag."

The above is one way of living and dying under the Army flag. But to live under the Army flag means something more than to have a bit of bunting in Yellow, Red and blue over you; it means that we must be all that those colors represent, and that is a great deal.

The RED is a symbol of the Blood of Christ, which was shed for you and me on Calvary's cross. Thank God, there is power in the Blood of Christ to make the foulest clean, to blot out the great black catalogue of sin and set the prisoner free; to raise up those who are bound down and make them sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

BLUE to all the world announces purity from sin; holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. "This is the will of the Lord, even our sanctification." (1 Peter 1:2). We must be saved from our enemies (inward forces), and that, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear in all holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life."



The YELLOW is a symbol of the Holy Ghost. "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost," said the Lord. "And ye shall know the gifts, as ye begin to say, 'We have not so much as heathen if there be any Holy Ghost.'" While they had repented of their sin and were justified by faith, yet they had not received the Holy Ghost. When they heard of this they were baptized, and they spoke with tongues and prophesied.

There are many to-day who have believed to the saving of their soul yet they have no power for service.

Have ye received the Holy Ghost? "Will ye have the right?" "Will make you a mighty host To put your foes to flight."

HINDRANCES TO HOLINESS.

IX.—Careless, Through Outward Care I Go.

Ezekiel xxxvi. 23; 1. Thessalonians III. 13.

That soul-hunger for something better than ceremonial cleanness, which drove the pupil of Gamaliel irresistibly to Jesus, guavs now at the heart of many a girl, in her listless following of the world; of many a young man already half sick of ambition, of pleasure, or even of arcant, but fruitless, semi-religious work.

The cry of a heart which loathes sin, and yet is in bondage to it, is as pitiful now as it was eighteen hundred years ago.

Those whom Christ's Blood has cleansed from all unrighteousness leave no "margin" for sin in their lives, and that by "without sin" they mean doing, saying, thinking, feeling nothing that is contrary to the Spirit of God's word, in the Bible, or spoken to their consciences.

X.—Go, Friends that Would Keep Me from Him.

Luke xiv. 20.

"Would God ever have put into our lives love which He called on us finally not merely to consecrate, but to crush, to thwart, to set aside for ever." We answer, No. For no love which is not God-given is God-given. What God permits is a very different matter from what God does.

No human influence can be purer, sweeter, or more uplifting than the ties of family or home. But Jesus of Nazareth renounced them distinctly and for ever when He reached the second stage of His life-work—"leaving" some of us "an example that we should follow His steps in." What this following means in detail, He reveals to the individual soul, and when it means as well a renunciation of the love which cradles family and home. He is still "abundantly able" to satisfy.

XI.—With Thee, My God, is Home.

Ezekiel xxxvi. 25; Matthew xix. 20.

God spoke of idols through Ezekiel to His people in all countries and all centuries. He speaks of them now, to any of us who are trying to narrow down the meaning of the word in our little minds, till we make room for self and sin in the very place which He has set apart for Himself alone.

An idol is not only, as the Greek means, "something that can be seen," but the imagination, the hope, the indulged wish which comes before God's will in our hearts, is also an idol.

God will not dwell in the temple with Dagon; by His own laws He cannot. We do not always find our idols shattered at our threshold on some awful morning, as did the simple Assid people, but if we do not ourselves put down our gods before Him in our heart-temples, sooner or later His glorious presence will be withdrawn.

XII.—My Idols now I Cast Aside.

1st Corinthians I. 4; 1. John v. 21; Deuteronomy xi. 18, 10.

Poets and prophets have paid tribute to the beauty of an unselfish love, and truly God has not made any purer or more like His own.

Certainly, no love can be pure when the heart from which it springs is unclean before God, and that which are Christ's have purified their affections by crucifixion. (Galatians v. 24).

Does your love for your son demand that the world should think well of him, or that God should? Both cannot be (John xv. 10). Does the yearning tenderness which your heart feels for your daughter demand for his satisfaction that she should know no bitter sorrow for sin, no agony of humbling before God, no hardship of service for Him, but only life's pleasant, easy way? Make clean that love by making it a part of a perfect love toward God; purify it by crucifying self, and your children will become to you only precious gifts for your Lord, offered willingly, like the gold and jewels for the Temple.

XIII.—The Way I Publish All Day Long.

Mark v. 19; Philimon vi.

After a Christian has been sanctified by the Spirit, usually the first temptation which comes to him is to conceal the fact. This temptation is so universal, so subtle in its approaches, and so fatal when once yielded to, that it is plain that the devil regards it as one of his best weapons against the soul.

One reason why we must testify to the blessing of a clean heart is clear—because the confession gives added glory to the God Who "is mighty to keep." It is no more to the Christian's own credit to say that he is sanctified than it is to the Jew to say that he is justified, while for not to say it, if it is true, is to withhold credit from God for one of His most marvellous works.

"I want to live it, and not talk about it," says the pious Christian, devil-harassed by the thought that people will call him conceited, eaten up with spiritual pride, blasphemous, if he admits that God has sanctified him.

Still another reason why holiness should be professed when obtained is, that testimony to its possession helps and encourages seekers. I know many people who had long ago regarded the doctrine of sanctification by faith as something purely theoretical, which could never be lived out, until they heard the clear, straight testimony of some Christian who were daily kept by the power of God, and so were forced to believe that God could keep them too.



ENSIGN AND MRS. CUMMINGS.
Recently Married at Neepawa, Manitoba.

Another overwhelming reason why a Christian must profess the clean heart after God has given it to him is because he will surely lose it if he does not. Proof of this has been given by various saints of God, as far back as the history of the clean heart, outside the Scriptures, goes. The saintly Pictet, Madeley lost his sanctification four times simply by not testifying to it when he had it.

The War in Kamloops, B.C.

That is just what the state of affairs here practically amount to—a holy war fought in the name of Jesus Christ, being carried on against sin in the lives of men and women in Kamloops. The work is becoming intensely interesting, and grows more so every night.

Local conditions make Kamloops a particularly hard place to work in, but by steady, persevering, dogged stick-at-itiveness Ensign Fitzpatrick and Lieut. Betts are slowly, but surely, gaining ground. Men who, when the Army first came here, professed to hate everything connected with it, are now showing their changed opinion by regular attendance at the meetings, or by contributions in money, etc., to help on the work. The Army has now got such a foothold in this city that there need be no longer any doubt as to its permanency. It has passed the experimental stage, and is now one of our stable institutions.

The outward result of the Army's work up to date is some two or three backsliders reclaimed, three genuine

conversions, and about half-a-dozen or more almost persuaded. Besides these a whole host of friends and sympathizers have been warmed up and are become enthusiastic workers for souls.

Although the Army was not formally opened here until Oct 20th, yet the work really started when Mrs. Boyer, of Vancouver, came to Kamloops for the benefit of her health, about a year ago. It was then for the first time for many years the Salvation Army bonnet was seen on the streets of our pretty little Western town. Sister Boyer has been true to her consecration, and to her belongs the honor of winning the first soul in connection with the Army work here. He was a young man addicted to drink, but earnestly desired to be saved, sought out the waters of the S. A. banner, and, to make a long story short, he got saved, and is now a faithful member of the church.

Ensign Fitzpatrick is the right officer in the right place, and is doing faithful work, although her friends would like to see her have things a little easier.

The soldiers' prayer meeting every Tuesday evening is a blessed meeting, and many are receiving additional strength through the medium of these meetings.

The more your correspondent sees the S. A. methods of carrying on the work, the more satisfied is he that they are good for the end in view, and while at first he did not approve of some of the methods employed, still



Newsy Notes from All Over.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

New League of Mercy. The Prince of Wales has created a new order to promote the interest of, and collect money for his hospital scheme in the Land. H. R. H. calls his new order "League of Mercy."

News of intensified interest, prosperous advance, and continuance of Divine blessing still pours into the Women's Social Department from all parts of the Territory by reports and letter.

The Rescue officers report much victory. St. John, N. B., has a family of 35 altogether in its two institutions.

While visiting in Hamilton this week I had the pleasure of spending a few hours at the Rescue Home, Captain Kerr has reached the hearts of the Hamiltonians, and the Home is a credit to her.

"London Rescue work is a marvel," was the verdict pronounced upon the Women's Social by the Forest City by the P. O. of the W. O. P. at T. H. Q. lately. (A triumph of abbreviation.—Ed.)

Adj. (Mother) Langtry writes of beautiful conversions in Spokane. Similar news reaches us from Helena, Mont. Two souls in one week recently.

In Toronto there never was more interest manifested in any branch of our Women's Social than at present. Major Stewart is devoting much time to the personal visitation of the various institutions in the Queen City.

We had a delightful tea and meeting with Toronto League of Mercy a short time ago. All the members were in the highest spirits over past victories and future prospects.

Five girls got converted on a recent Monday night in the regular League of Mercy meeting in the Mercer.

We have secured entrance to two fresh institutions for our League workers in Toronto. The first meeting was conducted in one, the Aged Prose Home, a few nights ago, by Adj. Holman, Ensign Moss, and Lieut. Meades.

The latest acquisition to the Toronto League is Mrs. Ad. Adams and Mrs. Michel. God bless them.

Major Stewart addressed salvation meetings recently while visiting Montreal and Quebec on business.

Adj. Jost commenced a tour on behalf of St. John, N. B., work a few days ago. Lieuts. Burt, of St. Johns, Nfld., Rescue Home, and Hicks, of the Maternity Hospital, St. John, N. B., are prominent in the rank of Captain.

Adj. Jost reports good times in League of Mercy full meetings in St. John, N. B.

Ensign Fitzpatrick writes of the interest taken in the prison meetings in Kamloops. Four men asked for prayers the other day, during a meeting led by Staff-Capt. Turner. The inmates of the Provincial Home for Old People, in Kamloops, much enjoy the services. 23 present.

Secretary Lane is still conducting the full meetings in Barrie, Ont., each Sunday the Army's turn comes round.

Adj. Tovell writes from St. Johns, Nfld., of special Siege meetings she is arranging during the Siege.

Adj. Ward has just bought two black and white cats for the Toronto Children's Home.

The Rescue Home Officers, at Halifax, have had a sale of work in the barracks.

More news anon.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Rescue Hmes. The Field Commissioner will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:—

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 910 Yonge St. (Ave. LONBON & Co.)—Staff-Captain Doran, River St. St. John, N. B.—Adjutant Jost 65 Elliot Row. OTTAWA.—The Quebec Hotel, 424 St. James St. HALIFAX, N. S.—Ensign Beckwith, 40 Hollis St. OTTAWA.—Adjutant McDonald, 760 Wellington St. ST. JOHN, Nfld.—Ensign Towell, 30 Cook St. HAMILTON.—Adjutant Jordan, 119 Wentworth St. ST. JOHN, Nfld.—Adj. Langtry, 762 Fourth Ave. HELENA, Mont.—Adj. W. J. W. W. WINNIPEG Man.—Mrs Major Jewer, 486 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, Secretary, Toronto.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:—

Lieutenant Burt, of St. John Rescue Home, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Hicks, of the Maternity Hospital, St. John, to be Captain.
 Cadet Meads, of Toronto Women's Shelter, to be Lieutenant.

Marriage:—

Captain William Huntington, of Tilsonburg, to Captain Annie Graham, of the North-West Province, on Tuesday, March 7th, at Ridgeway, by Staff-Captain Phillips.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
 Field Commissioner.



In Quarantine.

Recent news about the General informs us that he has arrived all well at Albany, but on account of disease existing on board, the ship was quarantined. It was feared first that this would mean a forced abstinence from communication with the shore for some weeks possibly, but a later cable announced that the passengers had been released, and that no alteration of the General's campaign was necessary, with the exception of cancelling two appointments. To all accounts the General, notwithstanding the heavy strain upon him, continues in satisfactory health. Everybody continues to pray for our beloved General.

The Commander's Illness.

Commander Booth-Tucker has just passed through a severe and serious sickness. It is with much relief that we are able to announce that he is now fairly recovered, although not in a condition for some time yet to be at his office in our splendid New York Headquarters.

The Field Commissioner.

The continued precarious health of our beloved leader is a source of anxiety to those around her, and a constant menace to the Field Commissioner, who has been repeatedly compelled to cancel or postpone appointments on that account, although much against her will. We pray that God, in His mercy, may intervene and restore vigor and strength to one who has so unreservedly served His cause and so bravely and successfully promoted the Kingdom. We are sure that it only requires this notice to solicit the fervent prayers of thousands of officers, soldiers and friends on the behalf of Miss Booth's health.

Sign of the Time.

The line of demarcation between church and state has nowhere become so distinct and so wide as in France. In addition to having religion and all religious inferences, even to the name of God, eliminated from her public school books, and the word God also erased from her coin and government insignia, the following clipping from the Globe will show how other steps have been taken by the Paris courts towards the national decline of religion:

"The excessive cost of marriage in Paris seems to have been offset by the new law establishing free divorce.

The Paris divorce court devotes Thursday to gratuitous decrees. One day recently 294 couples were divorced during a session of four hours, an average of more than one divorce a minute. The applicants belong to the working class, in which divorces were rare before the passage of the new law."

SIEGE SPECIAL.

Newfoundland Getting Souls Saved

War Cry readers will be pleased to learn that Newfoundland is doing their utmost in the Siege effort. Officers are full of faith and fire for a glorious revival. Reports to hand from ten corps, which give a total of over 200 souls captured for the week. These are the corps:

Carbonear	31
Harbor Grace	14
Bay Roberts	24
Twillingate	22
Clareville	17
St. John's	20
St. John's II.	18
Dildo	10
Hunts Harbor	18
Western Bay	22
Total	205

J. D. SHARP,
 Provincial Officer.



Planning, scheming and arranging for future meetings is the order of the day. A campaign in the Pacific and North-West Province, by the Commissioner, is almost settled. Possibly some of the corps that have been visited by her will be substituted for others which have never had the pleasure of a visit up to the present time. This is only fair, in the meantime watch for future announcements. Pray and believe for Holy Ghost times.

The C. S. paid a visit to Ottawa this week, partly on business connected with the society and partly to help in the spiritual fight against the powers of darkness. Adjt. Goodwin and Capt. Connors are making a brave fight, and, in a sense, are different from the class of people who expect only to receive their reward in the next world. They are seeing the fruit of their labors, and in this sense getting a present reward. We had good times and some seekers at the penitential form.

Adjt. McDonald is in charge of the Rescue Home. I was extremely pleased with what I saw and heard. The Siege is going ahead, and the blessing of God resting upon the place in a wonderful manner.

Have just returned to T. H. Q. Find Major and Mrs. Collier have arrived, well and strong and hearty. Expect to receive their new appointment from the Commissioner very moment. Let patience have her perfect work.

Capt. Arnold, the Pacific Province Cashier, is appointed to the Accountants and Property Department at Territorial Headquarters. Ensign Tooke, of the North-West Province, goes to the Pacific Province as Cashier.

The Social Department are very busy making changes in the Toronto Shelter—in fact, revolutionizing the whole of the internal arrangements, which, when finished, will mean considerable saving in expense, and at the same time add to the comfort of all concerned.

Any more changes? Yes! This week it is my duty to announce another very important change. Brigadier Compkin, the General Secretary, is farewell. This will take place at the Toronto latter part of April. The Brigadier will be leaving Toronto. God bless and be with him in his next appointment. The new General Secretary will be—announced later.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

AT HAMILTON.

Miss Booth with Her Soldiery of the Ambitious City.

THRILLING SCENES—TWENTY-SEVEN SEEKERS.

THE special soldiers' assembly, which had been promised by the Commissioner on her return from the Newfoundland tour had been looked forward to with great expectancy.

It was a magnificent crowd of soldiers who hailed the Commissioner with a hearty, affectionate volley of welcome as she entered the citadel, accompanied by Brigadier Mrs. Read and Brigadier Gaskin.

"Fight on. Fight on. for Jesus!"

was the opening song, and how those soldiers sang it, beating time with hearty hand-clapping. Staff-Capt. Taylor fervently prayed that the expectations of the audience would be fully realized in showers of blessing being poured out upon the waiting throng. Then softly the song-prayer rose from 180 hearts and lips, voicing strong yearnings.

"I am glad He is passing this way."

Brigadier Mrs. Read prayed that God wouldunctionize our beloved leader, and that prayer was answered.

The Address Presented.

After Ensign Fletcher had sung "I shall know Him," Sergt.-Major Bailey read the following address of welcome from the Local Officers on behalf of the corps:

Our dear Commissioner,

Your special visit to our city on this occasion to hold a meeting for the spiritual benefit of our soldiers here is an event which we feel we cannot let pass without giving some expression of our hearty appreciation. This meeting is going to give us an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you, a privilege we prize more than words can express. We, the Local Officers of No. 1 and 2 corps, voice the sentiments of this assembly when we say that we are real glad to welcome you to our city and corps, and we pray that God's choicest blessing be upon you while in our midst and return with you to Toronto. When we consider your vast Territory, and the many matters which claim your attention, we value this privilege of having you with us to-night all the more.

We are confident this meeting will live in the lives of all present, inspiring our hearts with a deeper devotion to God and a greater zeal for the advancement of His Kingdom in the Salvation Army. On behalf of the Local Officers, Soldiers and Recruits of Hamilton 1 and 2 Corps,

Signed by

L. Bailey, Sergt.-Major.

J. S. Harrison, Treas.

H. Daniels, Secy.

No. 1 Corps.

T. Anderson, Treas.

J. S. Matthews, Secy.

No. 2 Corps.

Then the Commissioner, in tender, well-chosen words thanked her soldiery for their kind expression of love, loyalty, and determination. A chorus, then the Commissioner opened her Bible and read from Revelation. It would be impossible to describe that address, the tender pathos, the earnest pleading, the sound reasoning, riveted the attention of her audience from

first to last. For 60 minutes the Commissioner, divinely inspired, spoke to the hearts of her people. Only three or four moved when we knelt in prayer. One by one thirty souls made their way to the Mercy Seat. Number 10 is here; we sing "Even me" until 17 are counted washing in the crimson flood. Over and over we sing the chorus, until at the Commissioner's closing prayer

Twenty-Seven Men and Women

have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. The final scene was very touching. With closed eyes and clasped hands we stood to our feet as the Commissioner committed each one to the tender care of the Heavenly Father. "That His grace and blessing may be with us, making us more than conquerors, even though we pass through great tribulation."

The Commissioner was very warm and weary, but she fought bravely through all the evident weakness. Her Hamilton soldiers love her well.

The arrangements were admirably carried out. Staff-Capt. Taylor is to be congratulated on the same.—A. G.

Great Britain.

The Chief-of-the-Staff will visit Ilo-Ilo and Sweden during March.

Self-Denial matters are now claiming all the attention of the British Field.

Over 1,000 policies are added to the Industrial Branch of the Assurance Society each week.

The Commandant's beautiful composition, "The Penitent's Pen," has been used as a popular solo in sheet music. The edition is nearly sold out.

There were twenty-four seekers for holiness at Mrs. Bramwell Booth's last Regent Hall meeting.

United States.

The Commandant is much improved in health.

A friend of the Army in Boston has just given his \$-D. donation. It was a check for \$1,000.

The Social Institutions in the United States alone shelter 6,000 poor people nightly. 800 are employed daily, and 2,044,000 clean comfortable lodgings provided per annum.

There are 183 Candidates ordered into training at once.

Joe the Turk's visit to Grand Rapids, Mich., stirred the city. Halls packed and souls to each meeting.

The prospects for reaching the Self-Denial target are brilliant.

Italy.

The campaign at Turin was closed on Sunday night with a row of fourteen souls at the Mercy Seat. This is a very unusual sight in Turin. A number of converts have been regular disturbers of the meetings.

The Carnival Campaign has been a great success in Italy. It has secured fair audiences, kept the soldiers together, and a good number of souls have been saved.

At Florence, good crowds attended the meetings conducted by Brigadier Clibborn; four soldiers were enrolled and a Cadet farewelled for the Training Home.

GENERAL BOOTH.

Arrival in Ceylon En Route to the Australian Colonies.

BY OUR CEYLON CORRESPONDENT.



General William Booth, our revered founder and father of the great worldwide organization, the Salvation Army, touched here on his way out to the Australian Colonies, whither he is bound, accompanied by Commissioner Pollard, Colonel Lawley and Adj. Barrett, his private Secretary. The North German Lloyd Steamship, "Prinz Regent Luitpold," on board of which the General and party are sailing, dropped anchor in Colombo harbor at 4 o'clock in the evening. His presence on board on the lookout for us showed how much he loved us. God bless him! How glad we were to see him once again. Major Prabhu Das and a few others were soon on board and greeted him. The General came on shore and billeted for the night with Mr. John Ferguson, F. R. C. L. Editor and printer of the Ceylon Observer. He was leaving the next day at 7 a.m., so the most was made of his short stay. It was expected that he would visit the Headquarters and the Rescue and Prison Reform Society, but he was extremely busy with important matters, so Commissioner Pollard and Colonel Lawley visited the above places, and were quite pleased with what they saw and heard. The newspapers in Colombo devoted columns to interviews with the General and party, and editorial praise was profuse, and gave most favorable accounts.

An Affectionate Farewell.

Before embarking on board ship at the Jetty, the General took advantage of the few minutes afforded him to say a few words to his dear officers and he did so. His words were translated into Sinhalese by Staff-Capt. S. S. Perera. He said: I am glad to see you. I wish I could stay longer with you. But when I come back and return from Australia I hope to have a big meeting and arrange for a proper campaign up and down. I am a very busy man and have to go all over the world preaching the salvation of God. I have to get people made ready to die, ready to die, ready for Christ's Judgment Day, and ready to enter through the gates of the City and dwell with God for ever. You have got to get quite ready, get the devil from your hearts and get sin destroyed. Bring Christ into your lives and do all you can to bring other people into the same enjoyment as yourselves. You must be faithful to the end. Let Him have His way. He died for you and you must live for Him. You must deny yourselves and sacrifice your own comforts for the bodies and souls of men. Remember the suffering, feed the hungry, care for the poor prisoner, find the lost, bring happiness in the joyous life of salvation into the lives of all. God bless you all. Five volleys, Amen, and the cheers of the crowd the General then got on the launch, which conveyed him to the steamer.

Australia.

The delay caused by the boat, on which the General and party sailed, being quarantined, has compelled the Commandant to cancel the date of the proposed trip. Much disappointment is felt on all sides.

Mrs. Commandant Booth visited a couple of notorious women in Melbourne jail, who are charged with murder. She has a little child of the mother of one of the girls, and is calling it after her own name, Corrie.

The Cry publishes a cut of the new People's Palace, Sydney, said to be the largest Social Institute in the Empire. It certainly has a grand appearance. Advance, Australia!

Adj. McMillan, an old Canadian Headquarters boy, and son and heir of our worthy North-West Province Major, will accompany the General's party round Australia.

"It's not to love, to love for self alone."

MY JOURNAL.

BY THE GENERAL.

His morning the wind has gone down and our surroundings are much more agreeable. While we were asleep, or trying to sleep, we passed through the Straits of Bab-el-mandib, and entered the Indian Ocean. A cluster of rocks on one side of this passage are known as 'Hell's Gates,' from the fact, I understand, that many poor vessels have been wrecked upon them.

It was on this fatal spot that the magnificent P. and O. steamer "Osama" came to grief about eleven months ago. The passengers were having some special festivities during the evening; these were barely over when the great vessel, which had cost a quarter of a million pounds sterling, struck upon the fatal rock before referred to, creating a panic in the hearts of all on board. The passengers and crew were all rescued, but the vessel remained impassable and the bodies of those who were taken off and towed into a neighbouring harbour.

Commissioner Pollard told us a good story at the breakfast-table this morning. His first party was Portmarnock, the north of Ireland. Soon after he got to work, a blessed advantage took place, and amongst the Converts were a couple of Factory Girls, who were at one time filled with a desire to do something for the salvation of those about them.

They conferred together as to what it should be. "Let us go and pray for our old crabbies," was the proposal of one. "It will be of no use; she will fly into a passion, and nobody knows what will happen," replied the other. "Never mind," said the first speaker, "we can but be pitched into the street; it will go and try." Now, this old Granny was a celebrity in the place. She was 105 years of age, and so bitterly opposed to religion that she cursed and swore, and as she could manage it, actually fought anyone who mentioned the subject. It was no easy task to undertake, but our two simple lasses, full of their new-found love for Jesus determined to proceed with it.

They made their way into the room where the old lady was lying, without any introduction, or even asking permission, and started singing together:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

The Virago scowled at them as they started off, but, being taken by surprise, she allowed them to finish. "May we sing it another verse?" they asked. "If you like," she granted back. Another verse was sung, and again permission was asked to sing another, which was also granted.

When they had finished their singing, she gave the further surprising permission for them to pray, and then they read a part of that wonderful chapter, Isaiah liii., and before they came out the door she held up her poor old fingers and was able to say after them:

"He was wounded for MY transgressions, He was bruised for MY iniquities, the chastisement of MY peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed."

When the doctor paid Granny his usual visit, he was immensely surprised, as he had at the time she had come over her, as she usually greeted him with the request for poison with which to end her miserable existence. He immediately asked her "what had happened," and what had brought about this change?

"Oh," she replied, as she explained afterwards, "IT WAS THEM DEAR LASSES, MY WIFE, WHITE AS SNOW," AS DID IT.

She lived a year afterwards, praising and serving God, and died triumphant in the Faith.

Our arrival at Aden, with the prospect of being in Ceylon in six more days, reminded me of the rapid rate at which the time allotted for this voyage is passing away. I suppose—indeed, it needs no effort of the imagination for I know—that it is the constant employment that makes the days and nights glide so swiftly by. Oh, that the giddy crowds on whose hands time hangs so heavily

only knew the joy of being always profitably employed in that which contemplates the good of mankind! I thank Thee, Lord, my dear Heavenly Father, for allowing me my days and strength to spend in publishing the sinner's Friend.

The very name of the sea on which we have just entered calls my thoughts to India. The only regret I have in coming so near to it once more, is that I am not able to remain for the inspection of the progress made since my last visit, the encouragement of the dear officers and people fighting there, and for the personal gratification I should find in seeing them again. For the pleasure and profit of that visit, all concerned must wait.

In passing, however, I may say that the latest news from India prior to leaving England was very gratifying. Gujarat has just held some Self-Supporting Meetings with gratifying results, and Yeshu Natham writes of his Christmas social at Bangalore.

On the next day (Christmas Day) a large party of us went to a village called Theradoo, where we were fed by the villagers, after which we held a large public meeting, in which something like fifty whole families publicly sought salvation in Jesus Christ, and gave in their names as adherents of the Salvation Army. As many as 161 men, women and children, and 1000 Soldiers, each one asking that they might have a new name given to them that evening."

MOTTOES AGAIN!

Meanwhile, my comrades, remember my motto, which my dear grandchildren arranged to have hung up in my cabin—"On, on, still on!"; and if you couple with that the following sentiment: "A PLACARD AND A WORK FOR EVERY SOLDIER IN THE SALVATION ARMY, WILL FIND THE PLACE AND DOING THAT WORK." You will have a pretty clear exhibition of the ambition which just now fills the General's heart. Good-bye, beloved comrades and friends!

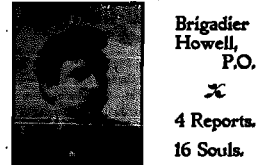
Organization.

Enough has been said about the value of ORGANIZATION to last for a long time to come, and the value of THE PUBLICATION SYSTEM, according to rule and regulation, recently issued, HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. It now remains for everyone who has the plan in operation to see that the plan is kept working. The finest machinery, if of no use unless kept in operation, wherever the system is not applied, or only partially applied, those responsible should keep the subject well alive in the minds of our soldiers, so as every soldier should carry that plan. There are quite a few corps where the old idea of the Cry is being distributed by the Commanding Officer is still in vogue. This is away back. Any corps situated like this are away back, and will be to insist on being up to date. No soldiers can expect the spiritual uplifting they ought to get from their officers' services if the said officer has to do his own work and the work of his subordinates. What would happen to a big Atlantic liner if the Captain left the bridge to attend to the work of the Purser, the Steward, or the other officials? Let every soldier shoulder that responsibility, be a cog in the wheel of salvation machinery, and we will have the best possible results. Above all, let everyone keep up the praying as well as the working, that the anointing from high, the oil in machinery, may lubricate every part, or better still, let each and all keep up the praying that God may supply DIVINE power to send forward every part of the great salvation machine, in His Divine path of salvation and blessing amongst men.—C.

FATAL ITCH.

Itch for promotion, honor and salary, unless cured, is a fatal curse to all affected by it. The following remedy will always cure: One part of Humility, one part of God, mixed.

Pacific Province.



Brigadier Howell, P.O.

4 Reports.
16 Souls.

A Good Pound Meeting.

BILLINGS, Mont.—Sledge booming. During Drunkards' Week prayed with one in front of a saloon. He gave 50 cents to the collection. During Notorious Sinners' Week one of the most notorious women of the State sent for us to visit her. Very sorry she was going away next morning. Have had quite a stir among the Juniors. Ten forward. All are keeping good. We had a pound meeting on Saturday night. The first in Billings. A nice lot of groceries was the result. One of our converts (Sister Mills) God bless her, collected a pound of nickels, amounting to \$5.25. Billings is all right for the S. A. Mrs. Ayre is delighted to sell the War Cry here. All are so kind and friendly—M. Ayre, Adj.

Kept Busy.

KALISPELL, Mont.—What? Kalispell had a good day. Well, I should say not! Our new officers Capt. and Lieut. Ziebart have come. Saturday evening we had a musical conglomeration, which was cooled off with delicious coffee and cake! We cleared the neat sum of \$30. Sunday we frightened the devil out of the meeting, with a soul in the Fountain. A picnic in a snow storm! Tuesday on a halting wood bee we were eight of us. Soldiers worked faithfully. The sisters consisted of two Hogarths and two Zieharths. Altogether we saved 11 big logs. At noon we did away with a halting eating it in a snow storm. In the late afternoon we proceeded to our home, and found that we had enough wood for the winter's use.—Sister Lena Hogarth.

The P. O. Visits.

MISSOULA, Mont.—On Saturday night one backslider came back into the fold. Brigadier Howell with us all day Sunday. Glorious meetings throughout the day. At night large crowd in the opera-house. Hall packed with people eager to hear what the Brigadier had to say. Two souls out for peace and pardon, making three souls since last report.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Come Again, Brigadier.

BOZEMAN.—We have had a visit from our beloved P. O., Brigadier Howell. Good meetings. Bro. and Sister Marshall's baby dedicated. Brigadier's singing and playing enjoyed by all. We all say, "Come again soon!" Two souls this past week. Doing well. Capt. Oryster supper Saturday. Very decided soul. Although we hear very cold we have good attendance.—Capt. F. Sounhall, and Lieut. Gain.

France and Switzerland.

A new hall has been opened at Vallores, France. It is hoped that it will prove to be a great stimulus to the corps.

A Training Home has been opened at Zurich, in German-Switzerland.

Sixteen children came and gave themselves to God recently at St. Andrew.

Capt. Pons is touring through France with a lantern, showing scenes in the life of Christ.

South Africa.

The Cape Colony Week of Self-Denial has just been concluded. The territorial target was for \$17,500.

Commissioner Ridsdal and Colonel McAlonan have returned to the Cape Town after their trip through Zululand.

Four military comrades gave testimony in a recent meeting at Cape Town II.

An Old Veteran Visits an Old Battlefield.

The Territorial Secretary Gives a Heartly Reception at London and St. Thomas—
A Big Storm—Mr. Gibson's Remarks—
—The Juniors' Bouquet—
—Captain of Souls.

THE announcement of the Territorial Secretary's proposed visit was received with much satisfaction by a number of his old friends in London. Whether the "Prince of the powers of the air" had secured additional aid, or whether he was not prepared to leave, but it would seem as though he had, and had determined to favor us with the full benefit of his extended power. Saturday night was wet and cold, and no one would be likely to venture out who did not have some extra good reason. But, alas! it was only a kind of introduction to the blizzard-day of to-morrow. The meeting was good all the same. The Lieut.-Colonel was in good spirits, and everybody enjoyed a happy sunny time.

The holiness meeting was made a means of grace to everyone present. The Lieut.-Colonel was inspired and the Spirit of God blessed the words of truth uttered.

A fair crowd was present in the gymnasium. It was a treat to hear Mr. Gibson. Postmaster at Pengersoll, with us. His trite remarks and superb illustrations were much enjoyed. The Lieut.-Colonel also gave a thoroughly practical and interesting address.

A fine crowd was present at the night meeting. The meeting was powerful and interesting. The Lieut.-Colonel's address, "A potent question," was a kind of a judgment day preliminary. Shafts of conviction had found their way to many hearts. Seven souls surrendered to the claims of the Spirit.

The "Old Friends' Convention on Tuesday was a very interesting and profitable time to all who attended it. After indulging in a little old-time talk, and reflections, the Lieut.-Colonel gave a fine spiritual address, which was calculated to inspire to greater earnestness and determination in the great battle we are waging. The young men came forward at the close, making ten for the London campaign.

ST. THOMAS.—As we stepped off the train martial strains of a well-known tune made our hearts tingle, and seemed to assure us of a good time. The Lieut.-Colonel was heartily cheered and welcomed. After a march we reached the barracks, and found a nice crowd assembled. The preliminaries over, Cap. Gibson informed us that the Juniors had something to say. About a dozen large boys and girls sang a welcome song to the Lieut.-Colonel. After this five little girls sang, and two of the smallest presented the Lieut.-Colonel and the Major with a bouquet each. We give here the song and also the Juniors' welcome address to the Lieut.-Colonel:

Tune.—Only a rosebud.

Welcome, dear Colonel,
To St. Thomas, come to see us,
We are glad to see you,
As in days of yore.
You have often blessed us,
We're glad to tell you so,
When you come here to see us,
As in the long ago.

Chorus.

Welcome, dear Colonel, to our meeting
to-night.
Welcome from every friend we
know;
We have not forgotten all your past
faithful help.
When you led us on to victory, long
ago.

We are glad to see you
Still a leader true,
Winning souls for Jesus
With the Holy Word and Bible.
We are glad to see you,
In spite of every foe;
Jesus still is with us,
As in the long ago.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Margetta:

Dear Lieut.-Colonel,—We, as the Juniors of St. Thomas corps, join with the

Seniors in giving you a real Army welcome once again to our city.

There are many things that we can look back upon with pleasure, even if we are only children, and amongst them are your past visits to our city, when in charge of this Province. We are glad to see you once again.

Some of us were Juniors then, and we are pleased to tell you that we are Juniors still, and love our leaders and the Army better than ever before.

We are only young yet and have much to learn, but we know the Army is the best training school for body and soul.

Some of us will soon be old enough to become Junior Cadets, and through the dim future we can look and see ourselves as Army Officers.

We never forget to pray for our leaders, and Jesus does not forget to bless us.

We know that you will be pleased to hear that God is blessing us in the Siege, and we have more over some of our targets already, and over twenty souls have sought salvation, and we shall soon see many more.

We trust your visit will prove a great help and blessing to us all and that you can return to see us again.

God bless you and yours.

(Signed) Lillie Dickson,

Age 13.

For St. Thomas Juniors.

The meeting was full of interest and evidently much enjoyed by all present. The corps has been having quite a run of late, and St. Thomas is not going to be behind by any means in the Siege effort.

(To be continued.)



S. A. WOOD YARD, DAWSON CITY.

A DUTCHMAN AT A SCOTCH SOCIAL.

Dent Meester Editeer,

I rite shust a few lines to you about der Scotch Social we here las week. I neffer hear of a Scotch Social before, so I say to minself, I go to dis voo.

Vel, ven I comes to de barracks dey shunt gait on march, dey haf Scotch cups, blaid, klies, and other Scotch dress on, which makes it look so fine. Then dey kum in they blay von Scotch tune, "Auld lang syne." And Broder Angus read de 23rd Psalm, Scotch, and dey haf Scotch speeches, un Scotch songs, and Bandsman Alfred he play de bagpipes vounce and twice. I tell you it was goot. But de den after der music and singing dey gif us von cup un saucer and a pig hag full of Scotch cake and bred un butter, and von cup ov kaffee, it was real gut, and eberybody like it. The money voo de furnish der officers' quarters un dey was cleared over \$20. Don't you thinks dot vos gut, Meester Editeer?

Der League of Mercy vos great help get up dis social. I doll vos vos better dan sou-kront, and I hope dat Gott vill bless der goot peoples dot helped and make der vicket beoples goot.—I am yours, Aud Wiedersehen, der Hallehujah Dutchman.

White Wings.

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.

Amongst the many discouragements that come in a Rescue Officer's life, there comes nothing more cheering than the letters that are received almost daily, from those who have passed through the Home—some recently, some in years gone by.

They bear on their suowy phinious lit the messages of hope that fall as hail upon the weary spirit of the toiler, telling of faith's fruition, that God is faithful, that the seed sown with prayer and weeping is springing in some of the young hearts into Life Eternal. What joy it brings, what fervent thanksgiving that they whom when first saw them, were sunk in sin and tortured in mind and body, its fearful consequences,

"Now in reverent awe and wonder.

Touch the theme of deepest laid,
Precious Blood of Christ that bought us.

And has made us nigh to God;
His own Blood, O Love unfathomed!
Shed for those who loved Him not,
Mighty Fountain always open,
Cleansing us from every spot."

The following extracts are taken from letters recently received:

"Although shut, it were as far as fellowship is concerned, in the back of the desert (where God saw fit to put Moses once), it is wonderful how God teaches day by day. Now I have proved Deut. xxxii. 2, even in my ten-

off more than conqueror. I yield up my precious little one to Him. The first stage of my yielding was to pray for the Lord to take him to some heaven. Manifestly I could not trust Him to provide for him here in this weary old world, but now I can truly say, that I know and am persuaded that He Whom I have believed in, keep that which I have committed to His care. My soul, wait thou upon God, for my expectation is from Him, for He only is my Rock and my fortress." I never left anything but my blessings through waiting. I have my hands full just now. I had a debt that I owed I was tempted not to pay, as Satan told me that hundreds of more deserving cases were treated free, but when I got sanctified the Lord dealt with me, and I had to give up all to Him; I promised to pay and asked Him for an opportunity to do so. He filled my heart with love, and for His salvation. So He sent me here, and although the way has not been all roses by any means, yet my soul doth magnify God, my Saviour, for He hath regarded the helpless for His prodigal, and sent me here, where baby is well. By close economy I am paying off some of the debt. I am not very well, but I believe He will heal me. His service, You spoke of God's revelation to your soul of His divine compassion. Oh yes! Surely it is wonderful, as infinite as Himself, yet so tender and loving, that the Spirit has cheered my often tried, lonesome heart with was, as it were, glimpses, or rather a foretaste of the glorious rest that remaineth for all who are sheltered by the precious Blood. The consolation cannot be most needed. I never before my trouble, gave the Father's house much thought, and was always laying up for a splendid earthly one; but surely He knows how to deal with us. I often wish I could come and spend a day with you, out my duties have become legion; they have been increasing every day. I remain with kindest love, as ever, —"

God alone, Who knows our hearts, could see the joy the letters from this dear lassie gave us. One of our Army leaders had met her in their travels and heard her tale of sorrow. She had loved God in a way, but wandered away into sin, was left forsaken and alone, with a little one to care for. She came to the Home with it, learned to do household work, and although she had held before a higher place in society, with a good salary, for the sake of her child took a place as servant in the country where she could have it with her. The Lord had restored her to Himself, and when visiting for a few days in the Home, got sanctified, and went back, as a matter of conscience, and toiled hard to earn the money to pay debts she owed before coming to us. Who cannot see in this case, the principle God puts into the hearts of those who are truly followers of Him? We must close this chapter of White Wings, promising that a few more feathers shall fall upon the pages of the Cry before long.

Latest additions to the regular League of Mercy work, Peterboro, Ont., and Fargo, N. D.



THREE OF THE OLDEST MEN IN THE DAWSON SHELTER.

Sent there by the American Relief Committee.

KLONDIKE CHAT.

A Funeral—How Others See Us—
Soldiers' Message to the
Commissioner.

Dawson City, Jan. 28th, '90.

At my request Capt. Jack Crawford kindly handed me his photograph to send to the War Cry. The Captain is a well-known character in the United States. His writings in numerous magazines and the daily press are highly valued. Personally I should say this is because he tells the truth as far as he knows, and his statements can be relied upon; and, secondly, from point of merit they are considered in the front rank. As a poet, in addition, he has remarkable gifts, and his productions on this line are eagerly sought after, read and treasured.



CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

The Captain has also given me the picture of a funeral procession, which which took place very recently, he being one of the chief mourners, and by his personal request was attended by Adj. McGill and other officers. You will notice the leading dog turning round expecting to receive the word of command from its late mistress, but death has stilled the voice.

A little poem on the deceased, which the Captain wrote, I also send for reproduction.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sweet May is Dead!

By CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

To her beloved father, Capt. James Bennett:

Sweet May is dead, your soldier girl;
Your sunny, household pet;
Transplanted from a world of peril,
A rose in Eden set.

She knows no pain, and could you see
Beyond the spangled blue,
Your soldier girl would surely be
On guard to welcome you.

Sweet May is dead to earthly pain,
God willed that you should sever
But you shall meet and live again,
Forever and forever.

And when the angel sounds tattoo,
Be ready, comrade mine,
To meet your soldier girl in blue,
With hope and faith divine.

The following extract from a letter written by Capt. Jack Crawford, "the poet soldier," to a friend in New York, will interest the readers of the War Cry:

"I don't know if I can write anything that will be new or interesting as there are numerous able correspondents here whom I have no doubt are keeping the outside world posted, while we are completely in the dark, so far as news from the outside world is concerned. No regular mail has reached here since the freeze up, and only an occasional old newspaper is brought in by some hardy adventurer over the ice. Hard times are here and thousands of men are now consuming the rag-end of their provisions, while hundreds are actually out of money, provisions and work. While eating lunch at a restaurant yesterday, an old German came in and offered a 50-pound can of granulated potatoes for 20c. per pound, which had cost him twice as much. He said that he had nothing else to eat. The restaurant man gave him a 25-pound sack of oatmeal, some bread and the balance in cash.

20 men are being fed and sheltered by the Salvation Army. These people are doing much good. They have a wood yard, and men who are able to work get 80 a cord for sawing wood in stove lengths. This pays for his meals and lodging. Last week a robust young man came to my cabin in the evening, told me he had been sawing wood at the Army Shelter for several days, but on that morning when he arrived all the saws were at work. He had eaten no food that day. I filled him up, and since then he has been doing chores for his food and shelter, and is now sitting near me patching his old gloves. Yet this young man is strictly temperate and willing to work. Speaking of the Salvation Army, our Elks Club recently gave an entertainment, and after all bills were paid over \$300 still remained. I had the pleasure of making a motion that a check of \$100 be sent to the Salvation Army as a Christmas present, as they were the only truly unselfish charitable institution here, and despite opposition from a questionable character or two, the motion prevailed, and on Christmas Day, when the Army were dishing up a fine dinner to the needy, a delegation from the Elks Club visited the Shelter and surprised Ensign McGill and his faithful little band by presenting them with the check as a Christmas gift. Of course the delegation enjoyed a good dinner, after which speeches were in order and everybody was happy. One thing is certain, and that is no hungry man, woman, or child are ever turned away from the Army barracks or Shelter. 20 men are now in St. Mary's Hospital whose expenses (\$200 per day) are being paid by the Citizens Relief Committee, of which

Col. McCook, the American Consul, and Mr. A. Bartlett are members. I mention these facts because there is a desire on the part of certain parties to keep the truth from getting out. Although if man it, that now goes out regularly, gets through, thousands will tell this same story. There are many causes for the distress now prevailing, the principal of which is, ten men where one would suffice, so far as work is concerned. Then the enormous prices which people are compelled to pay for provisions, sometimes 300 to 500% more than cost. It requires but a short time to eat up that little money the majority possessed after the expense of getting here. Thousands



FIRST MINING MACHINERY TAKEN TO THE KLONDIKE.

ands of tons of provisions will come in next spring and summer through small dealers, and many of the provisions now stored here will spoil, despite the fact that nearly everything except butter, milk and sugar have gone down 50 to 100%. Fresh beef has dropped from \$1.50 per lb. to 25c. and 35c. per lb. and a whole beef can be purchased at 18c. per lb. and yet they held out too long before the reduction. Consequently tons of meat will be dumped in the Yukon by the police as soon as it begins to thaw out. My advice to all men is this: If you have a good position and a good home, stay with it. If you must come and are willing to risk your life, health and happiness, come with at least two years' supplies and \$500 or more in your inside pocket. If, after you are

in Dawson, you wish to sell one year's provisions, you can do so at 25% more than you can purchase at retail here and have your year's provisions left at much less than cost. More money has been made by the stores, traders and small dealers in provisions, hardware, etc., than has been made in the mines up to date. This country is all right; but at present writing it is more of a rich man's country than a poor man's, because the great majority of claims can only be worked profitably by the expenditure of large capital and the introduction of expensive and practical machinery for dredging and hydraulic work."

DAWSON'S MESSAGE

Dear Commissioner,—

When the Adjutant read your beautiful letter to us in the soldiers' meeting, how glad we were to know that you had our souls' welfare so much at heart that you should write us a letter. And such a letter! Full of love, sympathy and encouragement. We had been over a month without seeing the sun. One day we climbed up the mountain where the sun was shining and stood surrounded by this glorious light. We turned our face towards the sun and drank in its bright rays. Our hearts were full of joy as the long absent sunbeams fell upon us.

That is the way we felt when we received your bright letter, and we will be reflectors, Commissioner. We will reflect the brightness we receive into this dark place of sin, where the god of mammon has blinded the eyes of men.

There have been times when the fighting was hard, that we felt discouraged. Our leader's words of cheer kept us in the ranks, but now we are inspired to wage a warfare that will be felt all around the world, for the Commissioner is with us in the battle. There are in Dawson thousands of men living in their little cabins, are passing away the time in a melancholy way, not knowing what to do. They came here from all parts of the world seeking riches, only to be disappointed.

Many hearts are made tender through sickness and long absence from loved ones, and are easy to attack with words of life and love.

It is truly a blessed privilege to work for the Lord Jesus in such a way, and we rejoice that we have been able under the directions of our beloved officers to do something. We are glad that we are soldiers of the Cross, fighting for the freedom of the world.

We are determined to stand by our officers, and to stand by the Blood-and-Fire Flag, as we have done, even when it was 50° below zero. We have marched up and down Dawson singing, "Come to Jesus," and rubbed our noses between the verses to keep from freezing. We are glad, dear Commissioner, that we belong to so grand an organization whose object is the betterment of mankind, pointing them to a higher and nobler life—in Jesus Christ.

We all join in sending you our love, and if the Lord prospers us in our search for gold we will make our love more practical in the shape of nugget-loaded cartridges.

(Signed) Addison B. Keding.

Chas. Lund.

A. C. Miner.

It. H. Roberts.

Soldiers, on behalf of the corps.



FUNERAL OF MRS. MAY EGGREN, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. J. BENNETT,
Conveyed to Her Grave by Her Faithful Dog Team, Dawson, Y. T., January 8th, 1899.

Eastern Province.

Brigadier Pugmire, P.O.

13 Reports.

51 Souls.

God Bless the Shelter!

HALIFAX, N. B.—We are going forward. Friday night two souls, one of them for pardon. On Sunday morning the brass band and part of the corps headed by Adjt. McGilvray held a meeting in the Food and Shelter Depot. It was really splendid, and was much appreciated. One poor, weary drunkard sought salvation on Sunday. One soul for the blessing of a clean heart, and four for pardon.—Treas. Cashin.

Had the P. O. and D. O.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—The comrades here, as well as the outside people, would have done a good lot to have got the Commissioner for one meeting, but as we could only get a glimpse of the car she passed through in, we felt satisfied, knowing of the immense lot of travelling and work before her. But Brigadier Pugmire and Ensign Graham, D.O., popped out of the car and we had a good time for two nights. The first night a fair crowd turned out. Next night was a blinding snow storm and people dare not come out of their houses, but a few came along and the Commissioner commended the Local Officers for the next year. Best of all one dear lad, a backslidden soldier, returned to the fold. Next day we said good-bye to the P. O. and D. O. and will eagerly look for another visit up town.—G. P. Thompson.

A Report from "Paddy."

FAIRVILLE, N. B.—The devil has been deceived and we had the joy of seeing two souls to the Mercy Seat, one of them a poor backslider. We give God all the glory. God helping us we are in heart and soul to thrash the old devil.—Paddy.

Three Farewells.

ST. JOHN III.—Twelve souls for three nights. Brigadier Pugmire and the Provincial Staff with us Sunday, also the minstrel. Ten souls. Major Collier, Ensign Perry and P. S. M. Chandler farewelled Sunday night. We shall miss him, he has been a great blessing to us, but our loss will be Windsor's gain.—Corps Com. G. L. C.

He Got the Victory.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—Another week of victory. God is wonderfully blessing us. Knee-droit increased four hundred per cent. since Siege began, with one soul saved. Wednesday night special meeting, service of song. We have started special holiness meetings since we got into our new hall. In to-night's holiness meeting, one young man came out for a deeper work of grace. One of our soldiers came out in holiness meeting on a Sunday recently, and while at the penitential form God showed him in order to get the blessing he wanted he would have to sell War Cry. He made up his mind to it, and the following Saturday went forth in the street and balloons and sold fifty-one Cry. Hallelujah!—Sergt. Major.

His First Testimony.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—"Friends, I am glad I can stand here to-night and tell you I am saved. Since I came to the Cross the world is like a new world to me." This was the first testimony of our first Siege convert, a young man who was very rapidly going down the road to ruin. A few nights ago God's Spirit took hold of him as he sat in our meeting, and he rose from his seat at the back of the hall and came to the Cross. God saved him and he is praying for others.—Fanny Clark, Capt.

They Rejoiced.

CHATHAM.—God is blessing us here. Last night we rejoiced over seeing one Senior and two Juniors seeking pardon at the Cross.—Fred Knight, Capt.

A Remarkable Pound Meeting.

DARTMOUTH, N. S.—We have just had a "pound meeting." Here's a few things we received: 5 pairs of blankets, iron pot, tea pot, saucepan, coal scuttle, water pail, 20 lbs. sugar, 12 cakes chocolate, a pair of boots for the little girl, tea, coffee, rolled oats,

soap, beans, rice, meat, salmon, etc. and while singing from the Cry, Capt. Norman's brother and Mrs. Adjutant Dowell's brother came in with a barrel of flour and put on the platform. They were assisted in the purchase of it by a few Newfoundland friends who were determined to beat St. John's, and I really believe they did it. The above was the best I ever witnessed. The meeting was splendid, led by Ensign Penny. One soul at the finish. Two last week. Victory!—J. Howering, Capt.

Welcome the "Cry."

SYDNEY, C. B.—Dear old Cry, we hail your coming into our midst with joy. We are still on the war path. We cannot report victory in seeing souls saved, but we are glad to read about them getting saved other places through your pages. We are glad to have our new officers with us. Our numbers are increasing and conviction is prevalent.

Welcome, Captain!

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—A large crowd gathered at the barracks on Monday night to welcome Capt. Brouhuit. A right down, hearty, happy meeting we had. Adjt. Matthews introduced the Captain and bespoke for her a hearty welcome. We are in for victory. Good meetings all the week. Two souls since last report. What's the matter with "the powers that be?" No War Cry for two weeks! (Sorry to hear that). Not our fault. Blame the weather.—Ed.—W. G. C., Reg. Com.

Had Visitors.

SUMMERSIDE.—Ensign Larter has been laid up with La grippe. We had Sergt.-Major Renouf, Sergt. Fife and Bro. Chappell up from Charlottetown for Sunday. Bro. Chappell brought his cornet with him but forgot to play it. We have had thirteen converts since January 15th, and we are believing for more.—F. R. A.

A Lecture on Woman.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Ensign Miller's lecture, "Woman, her place in man's heart, her place in man's house, her place in the world, and her place in religion," was a pronounced success. It was full of truth, and everybody was delighted. Our corps prospers, and many are being saved. Bros.

Christianity is best understood by those who are most willing to practise it.



ADJUTANT AND MRS. CAVE, NEWFOUNDLAND

A HAPPY EVENT IN ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Ensigns Cave and Allen Become United.

The Salvation Citadel, Gower St., was packed with an enthusiastic audience to witness the marriage of Ensign Allen and Cave. Volley after volley was given as the wedding party entered the Citadel and took their seats on the platform. Colonel Jacobs was master of ceremonies, and for some time delighted the congregation with a thrilling address, after which he read the articles of marriage, the contracting parties stood forward (Ensign Fovell supporting the bride, and Capt. Norman the groom) and were pledged "neath the Yellow, Red and Blue. The "I will's" were expressed clearly and distinctly. Brigadier Sharp pronounced the vows, after which several intending candidates spoke, and each seemed to have something good to say about the happy couple.

Renouf, Fife, and Chappell spent a week-end in Summerside, while Capt. Goodwin, Ser. Ellis and Sister Jean Calder supplied Hart's Hall Sunday afternoon.—H.

Eight Have Come

NORTH HEAD, N. B.—Since last report eight souls sought and found their Saviour. Meetings well attended, and interest good. Capt. Tilley and Wilson are doing their utmost for the salvation of souls.—Amanda Dakin, R. C.

West Ontario.



Major Southall, P.O.

3 Reports.
11 Souls.

Sell Out all Cry.

BLenheim.—Sunday, Capt. Hoddinott farewelled after seven months' stay. Two souls crowned his labors Sunday night. A War Cry brigade has been formed and we sell out all our Cry.—Ina Groom, Corps Com.

Eight at the Cross.

ESSSEX.—Sunday, good meetings all day. Eight souls for the week. Praise God! We mean business. Going out to victory.—Lieut. Jordon.

He Got It.

CLINTON.—Good times here. Capt. Heater and Lieut. Fyfe have taken hold. Sunday afternoon one sinner jumped into the Fountain and got his sins all washed away.—Mrs. Brown, R. C.

Christianity is best understood by those who are most willing to practise it.



Newfoundland.

Brigadier Sharp, P.O.

7 Reports.
105 Souls.

Down Came the Stovepipes!

LITTLE BAY.—God is with us in power. The Siege started on Sunday night with three sinners in the Fountain. Stovepipes and lamps coming down with a crash, as well as the walls of sin. On Wednesday night a greater victory still. Gambler's cards and tobacco consigned to the flames, and eight souls volunteered to serve God.—F. Howell, Capt.

Fifteen Forward.

GAMBO.—Since our last report God has wonderfully helped us. Twelve more precious souls have taken their stand as Blood-and-Fire Soldiers. But best of all, since the Siege began we have had the pleasure of seeing fifteen precious souls find pardon.—Lieut. E. Rose.

Seventeen Came Home.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—We are still alive and in the midst of our grand Siege. Last week was a week of blessing. Seventeen souls came out and found pardon. The devil is kicking, but God's people shall win.—D. Mouton, Capt.

A Government Grant.

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Ensign Kearney has gone away and Ensign Hoggs is now in charge. We have had a short visit from the Commissioner, which we enjoyed very much. The Government is paying the Army to supply the poor of Harbor Grace with one hundred gallons of soup per week, for thirteen weeks. There have been a few breaks in the enemy's ranks of late, one among the number being a policeman. Our Siege has commenced, and so far we are having the victory.—M. J. W., Reg. Com.

Twenty-One Souls.

ST. JOHN'S III.—Capt. McLean arrived on Friday night. We gave her what we call a real Newfoundland welcome. She says she feels right at home. The past two weeks have been times of victory. Twenty-one souls have been saved. We are believing for a mighty, soul-saving time.—Capt. M. Noel.

"The Fire Burns Brightly There."

BAY ROBERTS, Nfld.—Bay Roberts on fire! This week has been one of victory. Sinners coming home to God. Saints rejoicing. Devil defeated. Heaven on earth time. Nine souls for the week. Still rolling on.—A. G. Brown, Capt.

Everything on the Up Grade.

CARBONAR.—Things are somewhat lively here just now. Soldiers are in good fighting condition. Thirty-one souls have recently sought salvation, and are taking a definite stand for God. Many of them are good cases, and going to become Blood-and-Fire soldiers. The conversion of twenty-two War Cry and brought three other souls to the Cross. Our victories don't end here. Greater things are going to happen. We will let you know about them and God shall have the glory.—Capt. Jim Jones, for Adjt. M. Newman.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENGLISH STAGERS—Lewiston, March 18, 19, 20; Spokane March 21.
ENGLISH COLLIER—St. Thomas, March 25, 26; Dutton, March 27; Hightgate, March 28; Ridgeway, March 29, 30.
ENGLISH ANDREWS—Truro, March 20; Glace Bay, March 22; Sydney, March 23; Sydney Mines, March 24; North Sydney, March 25, 26; New Glasgow, March 27.
ENGLISH PARKER—Peterboro, March 21, 22, 23.

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEREQ
PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

CAPT. CONNOR, Ottawa	206
CAPT. McANNAY, St. Johnsbury	182
SEIERT. DUDLEY, Ottawa	182
CAIT. OREGO, Gannanque	100
LIEUT. WILLIAMS, Pembroke	110
SEIERT. MAJOR PERKINS, Barre	107
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	105
CAPT. FRENCH, Peterboro	100
Capt. Norman, Napanee	97
Sergt.-Major Symonds, Kingston	90
Capt. Jones, Burlington	80
Capt. Banks, Quebec	78
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa	75
Adj. Butcher, Brockville	74
Capt. R. Croko, Trenton	74
Ensign Sulgers, Belleville	73
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke	70
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	70
Lieut. Hickman, Prescott	68
Capt. Greene, Truro	65
Lieut. Norman, Pictou	65
Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	65
Capt. Mace, Kemptonville	60
Capt. Brown, Perth	60
Capt. Brown, Montreal	60
Sergt. Mrs. Dine, Kingston	60
Lieut. Dawson, Newport	57
Capt. Vance, Belleville	57
Ensign Sims, Pictou	57
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal	55
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	55
Capt. Grose, Brighton	55
Capt. Reid, Morrisburg	53
Lieut. Brooks, Renfrew	53
Lieut. Howell, Morrisburg	53
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	52
Sister N. Brown, Montreal	52
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal	50
Capt. Crook, Montreal	50
Lieut. Burth, Cobouoke	45
Lieut. McFarlane, Cobouoke	45
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	45
Capt. Comstock, Renfrew	44
Capt. McIntyre, Montreal	40
Capt. Brown, Amprur	40
Lieut. Way, Amprur	40
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	40
Sergt. L. Phelps, Pictou	40
Capt. Barnes, Deseronto	37
Capt. DeWitt, Millbrook	37
Sergt. Annie Brown, Port Hope	35
Sister D. Hill, Montreal	35
Lieut. Latimer, Odessa	34
Bro. James, Montreal	32
Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	30
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	30
Capt. Downey, Burlington	30
Lieut. Heanres, Barre	30
Sergt. Chillingworth, Monal	30
Capt. Brindley, Campbellford	30
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal	30
O'Neill, Millbrook	30
Sister Caldwell, Montreal	28
Capt. Laund, Sackville	27
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	27
Sergt. Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	26
S. M. Hobbs Douglas, Cornwall	26
Bro. Morse, Newport	25
Sergt. Fulford, Algonquin	25
Capt. Findlay, Bloomfield	25
Capt. Owen, Sunbury	25
Snif-Capt. Burditt, Montreal	25
Capt. A. Downey, Kingston	25
Mrs. Haykman, Deseronto	25
Capt. Nylund, Odessa	22
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal	21
Ensign Yerex, Montreal	21
Lieut. Finney, Perth	20
Father Duquett, Trenton	20
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	20
Emily Hurman, Millbrook	20
Lieut. Liddell, Gannanque	20
Sergt. Stunney, Pictou	20
Bro. Hersey, Barre	20
Lieut. Randall, Bloomfield	20
Sister Ross, Montreal	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

82 Hustlers.

CAPT. RYAN, Yarmouth	200
MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax	177
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax	162
CAIT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	135
SEIERT. MINNIE SMITH, Wind	134
CLARA LORRY, St. John III.	129
SEIERT-MAJOR VIENOT, Hal-	113
fax II.	113
EMILY WHITE, Houlton	100
CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campb-	100
ton.	100
Cadet Webber, Fredericton	80
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney	80
Lieut. Richards, St. John	75
Mrs. Maybes, Charlottetown	75
Cadet Lobans, St. John III.	74
Cadet Urquhart, Springfield	70
S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	70
Ensign Larran, Glace Bay	67
Sergt. Ellis, Charlottetown	67
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	60
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	54
Capt. Ensign Fraser, Singshili	50
Capt. Cardiner, Fredericton	50
Eliza Snow, Dartmouth	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50

Lieut. Kirk, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Armstrong, Woodstock	50
Alma-Trafton, Fairville	48
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Chatham	47
Lieut. Dunscomb, New Glasgow	47
Adj. Miller, Yarmouth	45
Cadet True, St. John III.	43
Capt. Horwood, Lunenburg	42
Capt. Clark, North Sydney	42
Sergt. Olive, Carleton	40
Lieut. Cowan, St. John III.	40
Lizzie Lobans, Fredericton	40
Brother Reid, St. John III.	40
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Windsor	40
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	38
Sister L. Provost, New Glasgow	38
Sergt. F. Pettis, New Glasgow	36
Sergt. Chislett, N. Sydney	35
Sergt. Moors, Halifax I.	34
Bessie Rodgers, Halifax I.	33
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	33
Livinia Lebars, Fredericton	33
Mrs. F. Pettis, New Glasgow	32
Cadet Fudge, Fredericton	30
Carrie Connard, Halifax I.	30
Cadet Glanvian, St. John III.	30
Olive Clarke, St. John III.	30
Lieut. Smith, St. John III.	25
Mr. Gilroy, St. John V.	20
Ole Lottill, Windsor	20
Sister Vinidue, Woodstock	25
Sergt. Pellet, Sydney	25
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	25
Asa Crawford, St. John III.	25

Sergt. Mrs. Eeachen, Glace Bay	25
Capt. Knight, Chatham	25
Mothers England, Chatham	25
Fred Lean, St. John III.	25
Sergt.-Major Ash, New Glasgow	25
Maggie Holden, Windsor	24
Lieut. Mowbray, Bridgewater	23
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	23
Bob McWilliams, Windsor	22
Francis McIvor, Dartmouth	22
Sergt. T. Keating, N. Sydney	22
Lieut. Laura Selig, Clarks Harbor	22
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III.	21
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Collins, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Pike, N. Sydney	20
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth	20
Mrs. McDove, Dartmouth	20
Sister Tully, St. John III.	20
Sergt. Whitts, Halifax II.	20
Albert Dimmock, Glace Bay	20
Minnie Caldwell, Windsor	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.

SISTER HARDENBROOK, Spo-	224
kane	224
CAPT. GREAVERTY, Butte	224
CAPT. LONG, Lewiston	120
MRS. ADJT. AYRE, Billings	115
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	110
CAPT. MEREDITH, Vancouver	106

MRS. CADET-CAPT. HOOKER,	102
Wallace	102
Ensign Babington, Vancouver	85
Lieut. Betts, Kamloops	80
Capt. Perrenoud, Nanaimo	80
Lieut. Gail, Bonanza	56
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	55
Maud Patterson, New Westminster	54
Ensign Burton, Great Falls	52
Mrs. Adj. Hay, Butte	52
Lieut. G. Tracey, Sherdan	51
Lieut. Walrath, Great Falls	50
Sister Powell, New Whatcom	50
Capt. Quant, Trail	47
Capt. Gail, Butte	45
Brother Boulton, Revelstoke	45
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	39
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35
Capt. Hagen, Belt	35
Sister Berry, New Whatcom	34
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	34
Sister N. Little, Victoria	30
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Mt. Vernon	30
Lieut. Morris, Revelstoke	30
Capt. Morris, Butte	30
Mrs. Testor, Spokane	25
Capt. Ziebarth, New Westminster	25
Sister Mann, Vancouver	24
Mr. Rowe, Butte	24
Lieut. Nesbitt, Duluth	24
Sergt.-Major Fentie, Great Falls	20
Bro. Ren, Revelstoke	20
S. White, Nanaimo	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.

LIEUT. ANDERSON, Fargo	110
Lieut. Brandon, Grafton	95
Capt. Branson, Grand Forks	78
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	71
Lieut. Blodgett, Grand Forks	70
Lieut. Wick, Moose Jaw	58
Lieut. Wilcox, Winnipeg	58
Sergt. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	55
Sergt.-Major Walks, Valley City	55
Lieut. B. Clark, Larimore	47
Cadet McLeod, Leithbridge	47
Capt. Smith, Minnedosa	45
Capt. J. Mercer, Hillsboro	40
Ensign Dean, Calgary	40
Sergt. Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	40
Sergt. McNab, Portage la Prairie	33
Sergt. Woodworth, Portage la	30
Prairie	30
Capt. Halkirk, Portage la Prairie	30
Capt. Barrager, Moose Jaw	26
Capt. Ledrew, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Sam Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Ford, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Johansson, Winnipeg	25
Sister McLean, Portage la Prairie	22
Lieut. Hammond, Grand Forks	21

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

4 Hustlers.

Ensign Cooper, Tilt Cove	31
Capt. Mulvey, Tilt Cove	22
D. Hekman, Grand Bank	20
Capt. Moulton, Clarendville	20



To Parents, Relations and Friends:
We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; before and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Communications to the Editor of THE WAR CRY, at Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.
Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through the columns of THE WAR CRY, as a Conscience-keeper if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second insertion.

3335. NOTICE! We cannot advertise for anyone in this column unless we have full name and address of inquirer.

3336. CHRISTIANA BARKER. Last heard of in Whitley, Ont., about 40 years ago. Age about 60. Supposed to have married. Her present name and address wanted by her brother, Wm. Barker, who anxiously inquires. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3338. HARRY MUNRO. Age 35, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair, has a scar on one cheek. Was a painter by trade. Last heard of 17 years ago, in St. Thomas, Ont. Mother anxiously inquires.

3339. MRS LIZZIE E. REED, nee HILLIS. Scarcely 30 years of age. Of MISS S. M. BROWN, Age 21, height 5 ft., fair complexion, dark brown hair and dark eyes. Missing since Sept. 10, 1897. Last known address Chicago, Ill. Her little son, William James Reed, age 2 years, is with her. Any information address S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

Junior Soldiers' Prizes!

2,100 NEW BOOKS

JUST ADDED TO OUR STOCK.

The best, cheapest and most appropriate prizes that can be given to the children at the J. S. Anniversary.

Make your selection from the following list and send your order to the Provincial Officer right away:

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The Story of the Rock
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The Same at the Zoo
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Eden in England	An Endless Chain

Mungo Park's Life and Travels
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John Knox and His Times
Stories and Studies of English History
Queechy

Very suitable J. S. Libraries can be made up from the above selection at all prices.

St. John Jottings.

Farewell Meetings of Major and Mrs. Collier
Conducted by Brigadier Pugmire—Dedication of the Major's Baby—Welcome of Ensign Turpin—Thirteen at the Mercy Seat.

ALTHOUGH it was a pouring wet day on Sunday, yet the barracks, at St. John H.T., was packed to the doors. A mighty revival is going on at this corps, and Capt. McElheney writes that he is hopeful of securing 25 good soldiers out of the numbers that are being saved. The Major is much loved at this corps, and there were expressions of sorrow at his departure. It was too stormy for Mrs. Collier to be present. The Brigadier stood on the bridge and the Major spoke farewell words. We saw eight kneel at the Cross. Hallelujah! Ensign Perry, our devoted G. B. M. Agent, said good-bye to the East.

The Major's final farewell meeting was held at No. 1. The public meeting was preceded by an officers' ten and council. There were nearly 30 present. Several officers, including the Major. Both Major and Mrs. Collier had a few farewell words to their beloved comrades-officers.

The public meeting was a grand affair. The first thing on the program was the dedication of the baby of Major and Mrs. Collier, and as "Gladys Evangeliste" was presented to the Lord, she lay quite passive in the hands of the P. O.

This over, a few officers spoke about the Chancellor's departure. Sergt. Major Law also had a few words. The P. O. read a farewell address, after which Major and Mrs. Collier said good-bye.

Ensign Turpin, who comes to assist the P. O. pro tem, received a whole-hearted welcome, and also had a few words.

We wound up the meeting with five souls in the Fountain, music, singing and dancing, and the P. O., Chancellor and Ensign Turpin being carried shoulder high—Soldier Boy.

COLONEL JACOBS

Will Conduct

Special Week-End Services

At

Riverside, " 28.
Temple, April 2.

Major Hargrave will accompany the Colonel at Ugar Street and Riverside.

FAREWELL!

BRIGADIER COMPLAIN,

The General Secretary,
WILL SAY GOOD-BYE TO
CANADA IN THE
Temple, Sunday, April 30th.

BRIGADIER BENNETT,

THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER
of the East Ontario Province,
Will Farewell from His Present
Command at

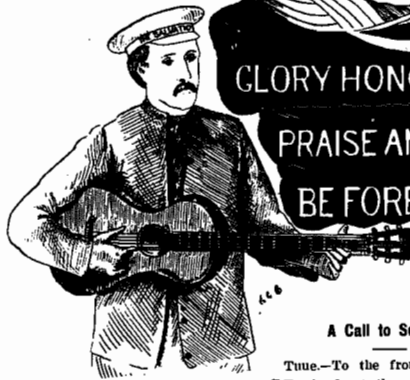
MONTREAL, . . . Tuesday, April 11th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGRETS

Will introduce the New Provincial Officer
at
Montreal, Thursday, April 13th.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will conduct Special Meetings at
BRANTFORD, March 25, 26, 27.
CAMPELLEFORD, April 1, 2, 3.



A Plea for More Love.

Tune.—Meet in bliss (B.J. 70); Salvation, lead me (B.J. 105); or, I'm believing and receiving (B.J. 63).

1 Lord, Thy heavenly wisdom give,
In Thy fulness let me live,
Let my heart now be Thy throne,
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

Chorus.

Now my heart is opened wide to Thee,
Now my heart is opened wide to Thee.
Fill me, Saviour, with Thy love Divine.
Make me more like Thee.

Thousands yearly pass the brink,
Into dark despair they sink;
I will to the rescue go,
I will stand and face the foe.

Never more, dear Lord, I'll take
What I give up for Thy sake,
But I'll suffer, bear the pain,
What I lose shall be Thy gain.

Not My Own.

2 Not my own, but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His Blood;
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ, my Lord.

Chorus.

Not my own, oh, no!
Not my own, oh, no!
Jesus, I belong to Thee;
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine through all eternity.

Not my own, to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

Not my own, my time, my talents,
Freely all to Christ I bring.
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

A Jolly Time Coming!

Tune.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).
3 There's a happy, happy land,
Where the saints of God will stand,
And join the Blood-washed band,
Over Jordan.

The devil won't be there;
We'll be free from every care;
'Twill be grand, I do declare!
Over Jordan.

Chorus.

Over Jordan, over Jordan,
Oh, we'll shout, and shout, and sing.
In the presence of the King,
Over Jordan, over Jordan,
We'll have a jolly time,
Over Jordan.

Some think that they are good
Without washing in the Blood,
And they think they'll dwell with God,
Over Jordan.

But that's a great mistake,
And they'll find it out too late,
They'll be shut outside the gate,
Over Jordan.

Now, there's the Pharisees,
They're numerous as bees,
And them you'll never please,
This side Jordan.
They are full of self-conceit;
We're the clark and they're the wheat.
But they never get a seat
Over Jordan.

A Call to Service.

Tune.—To the front (B.J. 69).

4 To the front, the cry is ringing.
To the front, your place is there.
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope and faith and prayer.
Soldiers you shall claim no right,
From the battle's post to take us,
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
God looks down and glory crowns
Our conquering band.
Victory for me,
Through the Blood of Christ, my Saviour!
Victory for me,
Through the precious Blood!

To the front, the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way.
Every power and thought engaging,
Might Divine shall be our stay.
We have heard the cry for help,
From the dying millions round us,
We've received the royal command,
From our dying Lord Who found us.

To the front, no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front, the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for thee in love to bring
Holy peace and liberation.

Hope for Ever Gone!

Tune.—Glory to His name!

5 Down in the flames of eternal woe,
Where all who die without Christ
must go;
Lost once in darkness for ever know
Days of grace are gone!

Chorus.

Days of grace are gone,
Days of vengeance come;
This is the cry of the lost in hell,
Days of grace are gone.

Lost now are they to the joys of earth,
Pleasures of sin and the scenes of mirth;
Poured o'er their souls is God's great
wrath,
And storms of living fire.

Hell now above and hell beneath,
Weeping and wailing and gnashing of
teeth,
Never, oh! never one moment's relief
In that dark abode.

Backslidden sinners, would you escape
Being plunged into the burning hell?
Enter at once, then, Mercy's gate,
And get forgiveness now.

Come, Poor Sinner, Come!

Tunes.—We're travelling home (B.J. 7);
Better world (B.J. 11); or, What's
the news? (B.J. 12).

6 We're travelling on to heaven above,
Will you go?
To slay the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful
shore,
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions
more.
Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and
plain,
Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see,"
Will you go?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go,
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go."

My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go.

Our Weekly Solo.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

7 When times of temptation bring
sadness and gloom,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
The last of earth's treasures borne out
to the tomb.

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord,
This earth has no sorrow for to-day or
to-morrow,
But Jesus hath known it and felt long
ago;
And when it comes o'er me and I'm
tempted so sorely,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Chorus.

I will tell it to Jesus,
To Jesus, my Lord,
I will tell it to Jesus,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

When out on the hill-top, away from
all sin,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
When joyous and happy, the sunshine
within,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord,
To know I'm forgiven is a foretaste of
heaven,
And Jesus is dearer to me than before,
Such peacefulness fills me, such an
ecstasy thrills me,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

When darkness is dimming my path
to the skies,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
When helpers shall fall me and com-
forts shall fly,

I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord,
Though I buried my life's pages by sin
and its wages,
He's yesterday, now, and for ever the
same;
I'll not be forsaken, though my life
should be taken,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Sin is self-will that does not will what
God wills.

A RUN

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the Special . . .

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all orders can be supplied if they continue
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Order at once or you will be left out!

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